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Treasure Trove in Gaspé
and
The Baie des Chaleurs

By Margaret G. MacWhirter

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TREASURE TROVE IN GASPÉ

AND

THE BAIE DES CHALEURS

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1919

GASPE BASIN.

TREASURE TROVE IN GASPÉ

AND

THE BAIE DES CHALEURS

BY

MARGARET GRANT MACWHIRTER

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

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To
My Husband

INTRODUCTION

In presenting this volume to the public, I realize how inadequately I have performed the task, although the collecting of material and putting it into its present form has been a labour of love.

This country of Gaspésia and northern New Brunswick abounds in historical and legendary interest, and it has been my effort to preserve this from oblivion. Already at this lapse of time it is difficult to tell where history ends and tradition begins, because of the overlapping of the one with the other.

For long years, Gaspésia in particular was isolated in great measure. Difficulty of egress in winter made travelling slow and laborious. The railway—long talked of—tarried long in coming,—so long indeed that the Baie des Chaleurs Railway became a by-word.

In Gaspé and the counties surrounding the Baie des Chaleurs grew up a brave, hardy race, fearless alike of the toil and dangers of the sea and forest, industrious, hospitable to the core, cherishing the religion and traditions of their fathers. With the

passing years a new generation succeeded the old—athirst for knowledge.

Here, as elsewhere the years brought advancement, and from this corner of Canada men and women have gone abroad to take an honoured place in church and state.

Here dwell to-day the descendants of the brave pioneers—of Scotch, Irish, English and French parentage. They are true to the lessons learned from those gone before: ready to extend a helping hand to one another in distress, kind and generous to the stranger "within the gate", with a bright out-look upon life and facing its vicissitudes with undaunted spirit.

To these people, by whose willingness to aid I have been able to prepare this volume, I commend it, trusting that they will pardon its shortcomings, and accept kindly my attempt to preserve the simple tale of the early days in the Gaspé Peninsula and northern New Brunswick.

THE AUTHOR.

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TREASURE TROVE IN GASPÉ

AND

THE BAIE DES CHALEURS

PART I

GASPÉ

Gaspé and Gaspé Basin.—Fort Ramsay.—Sandy Beach.—Peninsula.—Cap de Rosier and the "Carrick."—The Oil Wells.—The Matane and Gaspé Railway.—Adventure on Barachois ice.—Corner of the Beach.—Percé.—The Pierced Rock.—Cape Cove.—On to the County Line.

GASPÉ is the great peninsula of eastern Quebec, projecting into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, bounded on the north by the River St. Lawrence, on the south by the waters of the Baie des Chaleurs and the Restigouche River, and on the west by the County of Matane.

The name 'Gaspé' is said to be a Micmac word of which various forms are given, meaning "Finistere, the Land's end." It has been aptly remarked, "truly it is the end of the world for this coast at least."

There is good reason for believing that Gaspé Peninsula was visited by Northmen before the arrival of the early navigators. Some even go so far as to say, that fishing posts had been established as early as the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Captain Bell continues: "Captain Jacobs was sent purposely to protect and wait till the land officers thought it proper to come off; the General's instructions to them were to go on shore with the greatest of circumspection, and endeavour by all means to assure the inhabitants of good treatment and to bring them to Gaspé, which they would have done had they not been threatened with being left; and also that if they did not burn the place, Mr. Jacobs would, who hinted as if going on shore at all was not agreeable; they immediately went, landed, found the inhabitants all fled and everything was burnt. Grande Rivière is twelve leagues to the Westward and Pas Beau fifteen from Gaspé. So great was the terror of the people at the first place, on the arrival of the British ships, that they fled, leaving victuals on the fire. Sixty houses, many of them good buildings, were all destroyed, as well as sixty shaloups. At Pas Beau, the same course was followed—then the invaders sailed away, having left the wretched inhabitants destitute of the necessaries of life."

Captain Bell continues: "There needs no great discernment to perceive the consequences of Captain Jacobs presuming to stint the Land Officers in time... for had they gone on shore, agreeable to the general instructions and stayed three or four days without destroying anything and sent the Frenchmen (they carried on purpose) into the woods to assure their countrymen of the good treatment they would meet with; and that they might keep anything they chose, the consequences would have been totally different; they would have been happy and the troops benefitted;

but, as it was, what could these unhappy people hope for when they saw their all in flames without the least ceremony: surely they could not expect anything gentle at our hands... for our own honour we ought to have proceeded differently."

General Wolfe felt very badly when the facts came to his knowledge. He had no wish that suffering should overtake the unfortunate people of the Gaspé Coast.

The site of Wolfe's house is still pointed out on Peninsula Point.

Again in 1760 Captain Byron pursued a number of French ships on their way to Quebec, and, having sunk one at Gaspé, followed the remainder to their shelter on the Restigouche, where he razed the fort and destroyed the French Squadron. This encounter is known as the Battle of the Restigouche, but more of this later. During the War of Independence, American privateers made numerous incursions into the Baie des Chaleurs, and plundered the various settlements. Nevertheless, the marauders were not always victorious; on one occasion at least, a successful stand was made at Percé.

Gaspé Basin is a harbour, so large and secure that it is a haven for all kinds of craft—here they can ride securely in this safe retreat, let the wind blow and the sea lash as it will outside.

"For picturesque scenery and quiet beauty Gaspé is unsurpassed by any other locality on the coast. The shape of the Basin is irregular, being about four miles long, with an average width of about half a mile; but so completely land-locked that even when a heavy gale prevails outside,

there is scarcely a ripple to be seen on its clear, deep water."

Gaspé village is built on a sharp rising ground. About sixty years ago the highway was built for the government by Messrs. Russell and Sims, and for over a quarter of a century Gaspé has been an incorporated village, the mayor of which A. T. Carter has held office for forty-one years. The Carters are the descendants of a Devonshire family, and among Mr. Carter's treasures is an old Bible, illustrated with many steel engravings, printed in 1691, in London, and which belonged to his great grandfather.

A gasoline launch crosses, at short and regular intervals, to what is now called Gaspé Harbour—the Fort Ramsay of other days. This spot has a peculiar fascination because of the tradition which gives a flavour of mystery to it. The bluff, which is now the property of the St. Maurice Lumber Co., formerly extended much nearer to the water's edge. The hill has been excavated, and the place converted into a yard for the railway. Under the French régime, so the story runs, a governor of Canada, anticipating trouble with the British, erected a battery of several guns. The fears were realized: the place being taken by an English frigate. Of the seven guns placed there by the British, only three remain to-day. Two six-pounders lie dismantled and harmless on the grassy hill. About sixty years ago one rolled over the bank and was taken to Lanse aux Cousins, where it lies on two pieces of timber. Another also tumbled over and is now in the railway yard at Gaspé Harbour. It was remounted by G. B. K.

Carpenter, at that time General Manager of the Construction Department of the Atlantic, Quebec and Western Railway.

Of course tales of buried treasure surround Fort Ramsay. As related to me, the story tells that before the Conquest, two French ships carrying plate for the governor, being pursued by British ships, took refuge in Gaspé Bay, where they succeeded in hiding the treasure.

The location, according to the chart said to have been recovered from the captured ship, was between two brooks, but, as these are a mile apart, there is considerable ground to cover. French ships are credited with having aided in the unavailing search.

The spectres which are said to haunt the old battery are only visible to certain people.

At the base of the bluff of Fort Ramsay is the new and commodious station of the Atlantic, Quebec and Western Railway—the terminus of the line which traverses the Gaspé Peninsula from Matapedia. A courteous Scotchman is in charge. Behind the station is the grass-grown hill with the dismantled guns, and in a gulch beyond is the old burying-ground.

The principal early British settlers in Gaspé were Loyalists and soldiers, who took land after the War of Independence. Among the earliest were the O'Hara's, Stewart, Collas, Baker, Eden and Patterson. The first land patent was granted to Dean, Captain of the "Mermaid" in 1766, and on this tract of land was Fort Ramsay. In June, 1767, a grant of 1,300 acres of land was given to Felix O'Hara and John McCord, the

patent bearing the signature of Sir Guy Carleton. O'Hara is said to have been a lieutenant of the British Navy.

Among the early missionaries are the names of Suddard, Cuisack and Arnold. The stone house of the latter still remains, and Arnold's Bluff is not far off. The remains of another stone house in Gaspé Bay South has an almost monumental appearance. This old stone house was, by the way, built about one hundred years ago by a Mr. Patterson, who used for the purpose lime obtained near to the property. There were no less than three fire places in it—two below and one upstairs. The foundation was made to last, being of stone three feet high, and three feet thick. This picturesque building was destroyed by fire in 1899, and to-day a poplar tree growing from the cellar extends five feet above the roof.

Gaspé has hotel accommodation which it would be difficult to surpass. For long years the fame of Baker's Hotel has been bruited abroad, till it has almost a continental reputation. It combines the freedom of a home with the service of a hotel. The kindly interest of the proprietor in the welfare of his guests is shared by the whole staff. There is delightful, quiet, restful scenery, shaded terraces, opportunities for walks, drives and bathing. These make Baker's an ideal resort for all who seek a place wherein to recuperate from the fatigue of the strenuous life.

In late years the Harbour of Gaspé has been much in the public mind. The government of Canada has been much impressed with its beauty, excellence and importance. It was here in the

summer of 1914, that the splendid fleet of ships bearing the First Contingent of Canadian Soldiers, with their equipment and naval convoy, concentrated for their departure to the battle-fields of France. Bravely in their war-paint rode the Canadian transports. On the evening of September 28th, three cruisers and two troop-ships arrived; others continued to follow every day till Saturday, October, 3rd, when in the morning the last one came in. Every night one warship patrolled the outside bay.

They left at noon in two-line formation, one-quarter of a mile apart; two cruises led, and two brought up the rear. On a beautiful October evening they sailed silently past old Cape Gaspé: thirty-two troop-ships, four cruisers, and one Coast Guard ship, "Canada",—thirty-seven in all.

Mr. John N. Ascah, light-keeper at Peninsula went among the ships, and judged by the cheering and singing the men were eager for the fray, their chief anxiety being lest they should arrive too late. Mr. Ascah remarked: "Ah, Well! They saw the great Adventure, and one day of their lives was worth many common days like ours."

Gaspé Bay is about sixteen miles long, and six miles wide at the outer part—narrowing to the beautiful Gaspé Basin. "In this bay and harbour the entire British fleet could rest securely. There are no shoals or dangerous rocks lurking in this fair expanse of water to cause uneasiness to the mariner; neither is there any need of fear when approaching the shores on either side. One of the most remarkable features of the harbour is

that vessels of immense size can easily float with their sides rubbing on the sand."

Apparently the Canadian Government is not blind to the advantages, accruing from using this natural harbour, for recently a very fine wharf has been erected on the west side, and the report is current that others similar will ultimately follow.

It has been suggested to station here the Canadian Navy, building forts for the protection of that great commercial route, the St. Lawrence River. A casual glimpse at the map will convince the most skeptical of the reasonableness of this project. Of course there are many who maintain, that Gaspé is not a serviceable port for the Dominion, because of the early closing of navigation on the St. Lawrence. But Gaspé is not on the St. Lawrence; it is at the mouth, and navigation can be kept open ten months in the year, and many years during the whole twelve months. The months of January and February are considered the most dangerous for ships in the Gulf of St. Lawrence: and yet in these months there come to these shores from Newfoundland, a fine fleet of sealing ships—which move about with little, if any, difficulty. It only remains for the Canadian Government to realize more fully the vast possibilities of this natural harbour—so much in advance of any that can be made by artificial means.

Even from a sentimental view-point the claims of Gaspé to be the chief port in the Dominion must appeal to both the French and British Canadians: to the former because of Cartier's visit and act in 1534, to the latter for the reason

VIEW OF GASPE BASIN.—At the close of the 18th centuty. (From an Old Engraving).

that Wolfe remained a time at Peninsula Point, planning for his memorable campaign against Quebec.

Gaspé Peninsula is intersected for sixteen miles by Gaspé Bay. At Ship Head or Cape Gaspé the cliff is fully three hundred and sixty-five feet high and guards the entrance on the north and Point St. Peter on the south side. Gaspé Bay separates Gaspé from the Peninsula, as it is locally known, or, according to others, the 'Florillon.' Dr. Clarke in his book "The Heart of Gaspé" remarks "Some of the earliest of the French explorers, perhaps Champlain, termed this peninsula the 'Florillon.' In some early maps and in the 'Jesuit Relations' the name is attached only to the Cape, now called by the English 'Shiphead.' "

Grim and unapproachable, as though disputing the right of way, at the extreme east of the peninsula, the great headland forms a breakwater against which the white caps dash in vain. At Cape Gaspé the light is shown during the open season: a revolution every twelve seconds at night flashes the light across the wide waters; while in foggy weather, a loud report, as of a cannon is sounded. If the whistles of steamers are heard, the report is sent every five minutes. The keepers of the light willingly lead the way to the upper chamber of the light-house. The woman told that strong as are the stays which fasten the building, she has known fear, when the fierce, wild waves and winds of the gulf hurl stones so forcibly that occasionally the windows have been broken.

The rock, popularly known as "Old Woman" was a familiar sight at Shiphead, but, in 1851, it

succumbed to the onslaught of the wind and waves. On a calm day the view is very striking: on one side is the rich green of the wooded headlands rising in varying heights, and the locations of the Old Man, the Nigger, and Bon Ami are pointed out. From the green sward to the sea at the base of Bon Ami the height is nearly seven hundred feet.

Once at the foot of the cliff a transport was wrecked in a snow-storm, and so complete was the destruction to life that nothing was recovered, excepting a boot containing a man's leg. At the same place cannon were found. A swivel was taken ashore by the brothers, William and Donald West, and placed near their home. At the base of the Big Hill, as it is locally known, a cannon is sometimes discernible.

A favorite sport in the olden days was the attempt to throw a stone into the water below. So difficult was the feat that Rev. Mr. Harding and William West are still remembered as among the few successful performers. In the arly days the inhabitants, carrying loads climbed the hill by means of tœholds.

Three roads across the Peninsula lead to the St. Lawrence: Fox River Road, leading to the terminal of one of the submarine cables ; the Griffon Portage to Griffon Cove (L'Anse-au-gris-fond) and the Cape, or Grand Grève Road to Cap de Rosier (Cape of Roses) of the Gulf Coast. Seal Rock, on the Shiphead Road, has a legend relating to the shilling piece embedded in the rock, where it was placed by Satan, when paid by a fisherman for a season's work.

Cap de Rosier has a tragic interest on account of the tales of marine disaster with which it is associated. The story is still told in Gaspé village of the good ship "Carricks" which sailed from Sligo, Ireland, in May, 1847.

An old lady, perhaps the sole survivor, remembered the occurrence when interviewed by the writer. She, a child of twelve years, was one of seven children, and like all the passengers, her family were emigrants. After a rough and uncomfortable passage of twenty-three days, the captain missed his reckoning in a blinding snowstorm, and in the darkness of the night, struck the cruel cape. One stroke of the angry wave swept her clean. Comparatively few were saved, after hours of cold, hunger and fear such as may be imagined. The inhabitants came to the rescue, and treated the pitiable survivors with kindness. Truly the beach presented a gruesome spectacle the following day, strewn for a mile and a-half with dead bodies. For a whole day two ox-carts carried the dead to deep trenches near the scene of the disaster. In autumn the heavy storms sweep within sound of the spot. Thus peacefully, with the requiem of the waves and winds they rest. In recent years a monument has been erected to their memory by the parishioners of St. Patricks', Montreal. Alas! this is only one of the many sorrowful tales which are related of Cap de Rosier.

The descent from the roadway to the bank is in places perilously steep, but along the coast are homes, nestling beneath the high hills. The scene is very striking, and no one visiting Gaspé Penin-

sula should omit a drive along beautiful Gaspé North. At Indian Cove is the comfortable home of Mr. and Mrs. Bichard and their son. The warm welcome extended to the stranger by these kind people can never be forgotten. There could be no doubt of its sincerity, and with genuine delight the writer heard the old man tell of the olden days, when a day's work included hauling in 800 cod with a line. These and 1,000 more awaited splitting and he did his share of the work. "I think," said he naively, "I did a fair day's work," adding, "The young people don't know how to work now-a-days."

From here went out one day, John Simon never to return. The recovered flat, containing the remains of birds showed that he had tried to sustain life. Many similar sad tales could be told of the coast.

Along the coast the land slopes sharply to the sea, with occasional delightful coves and beaches. A short distance farther is Grande Grève, with its beautiful hills and pebbly beach. This place was first settled by the French, and traces are still found where the ring bolts are imbedded in the rock to which, the early settles fastened their boats.

Grand Grève has important fishing establishments, dating from 1770, when Messrs. Janvrin, of the Island of Jersey began operations. Since 1857, until recently, this was owned and operated by the Fruing Company whose business extended even to Shippegan. This firm has been succeeded by William Hyman and Sons, an old firm dating from 1842.

Coming to Little Gaspé, we find story of the mine

of lead and silver. Strange-looking implements were said to have been found. From the mine a tunnel had been dug, beneath the king's highway to the sea. Once an inquisitive stranger crawled through, but in later days this opening has become impassable.

About the middle of the seventeenth century an attempt was made to operate a lead mine at Little Gaspé. So interested in it was Talon, the Intendant that he obtained permission to send forty workmen to Gaspé, and operations were carried on under the auspices of the "Compagnie des Indes occidentales," and work was begun where the Indians had previously discovered lead. Persistent efforts at different quarters however proved unavailing ("Historical note on the lead mines of Gaspé Basin": Dr. Clarke).

Mr. Robert Price of Little Gaspé tells that when he was a young man great lumps of lead were picked up after a heavy storm. Every cove from Shiphead to Little Gaspé has indications of lead. Half-a-century ago, several English miners were engaged at the Little Gaspé lead mines. A shaft eighty feet was sunk. In the tunnel a vein two feet wide was struck, leading to the sea. Finally the mine was seized by the creditors.

Three miles from the Basin is Peninsula, one of the earliest settlements in Canada. About the time of the Conquest of 1759, an English officer, named Richard Ascah, accompanied by his wife and a fellow-officer named Cheeseborough, arrived in Gaspé North, or Peninsula, bravely facing the hardships and privations of the new land. In 1763, came Abraham Coffin from Nantucket, who

became the ancestors of the Gaspé branch of the family, whose line may be traced to the days of William the Conqueror. Another of the early settlers was William Annett, of Salisbury, England. Having passed through many vicissitudes, he and his wife finally settled in Gaspé. The Millers' and Phillips' family came to Peninsula over a century ago. Surely Gaspé has reason to be proud of its pioneers, as life in the early days was far from comfortable. Old Mr. Coffin in a reminiscent mood tells how his mother cut grain in the morning with the sickle, cleaned it, ground it in a coffee-mill, and before night baked cakes of the flour.

During the American War, salt was so scarce in Gaspé, that in order to obtain it, the sea-water was boiled.

Many interesting tales of the early days were related to the writer by Mrs. William West, great-grand-daughter of the pioneer, Richard Ascah. In extreme old age, her intellect is as clear as ever, and very willingly she unveiled the past, in response to the request for story.

The site of Wolfe's house on Peninsula Point has been located. Pins, the heads of which had have been placed by hand—and old coins have been recovered. "On Peninsula Point in Gaspé Bay, is the site of the 'French Custom House' or 'General Wolfe's House.' At an early date a fortified 'custom house' was established here to watch the attempts at illicit trade. The number of settlers at Gaspé was sixty. Mr. Reval, Commandant and Intendant died a few days before the arrival of General Wolfe, who took over the place Septem-

ber 5th, 1758. During the stay of the British fleet, General Wolfe resided at the 'House on the Beach', the official habitation and resort of the settlers." (The Annual Report (1919) of the "Historic Landmarks Association of Canada."

A gentleman of Gaspé Basin, who is much interested in antiquarian research, lately made a valuable discovery, while digging in the vicinity of Wolfe's house on Peninsula Point. He unearthed an old French bake-oven, which had been buried over a century and a-half. Evidently a large fishing establishment, employing perhaps three hundred men, had been at this place. Possibly they had been fed by the firm. The settlement was destroyed, and the buried oven had remained undiscovered till August 1917.

The foundation walls were 40 x 12-ft., built of thin stone, set in blue clay. There were three ovens. The floor of one of the end ovens was nine feet across. From the centre, to the inner wall at the back the length was 3½-ft. The brick floor was in first class order, set in blue clay and in the centre of the floor was a brick diamond (15 in. sides inset). Nearly abreast, at each corner were two diamonds of cut stone. To the front the floor inclined out 3½-inches. The whole is as solid as when placed there; the bricks are 8 x 4 x 1-3-4". When the pattern required, the bricks were neatly cut. What was evidently a small bake or fuel house adjoined, as burnt wood still remained on the clay which covered the floor to the depth of two inches. Set in the clay in regular rows, four inches apart were short iron bolts with heavy heads. On the western side

were the remains of a similar oven, but this third one was not in quite such good repair. On the south side likewise, was a smaller oven. The outside brick wall was made of rough, flat stones set in blue clay.

In Gaspé, as in many parts of the surrounding country we find the old-fashioned bake-ovens. A foundation of stone was built according to the size required, and covered with a smooth surface of brick or sandstone. An arched mould of earth was next built and covered with a composition of clay, sand and marsh hay to the thickness of six inches. When finished, the earth was removed by slow degrees, and a fire built inside. When the earth was all removed the inside of the top was well baked. A stove door is often used to close the open end. When bake day arrives, a fire is made in the oven; by frequent stirring, this becomes converted into red-hot coals. When the inside of the oven turns white, the coals are removed; the heat of the oven is tested by inserting the hand, and keeping it in, till twenty is slowly counted. The story is told of a woman more devotional then mathematical who repeated the Lord's Prayer. The bread is placed on a wooden shovel and pushed in, and the door tightly fastened. In an hour the bread is ready for removal —beautifully baked—and it is asserted that no range oven can rival the taste of bread thus cooked in a clay oven.

Two rivers flow into Gaspé Basin, the Dartmouth and York. The former comes from the northwest. The sources of these rivers are only three miles apart, and both are salmon rivers.

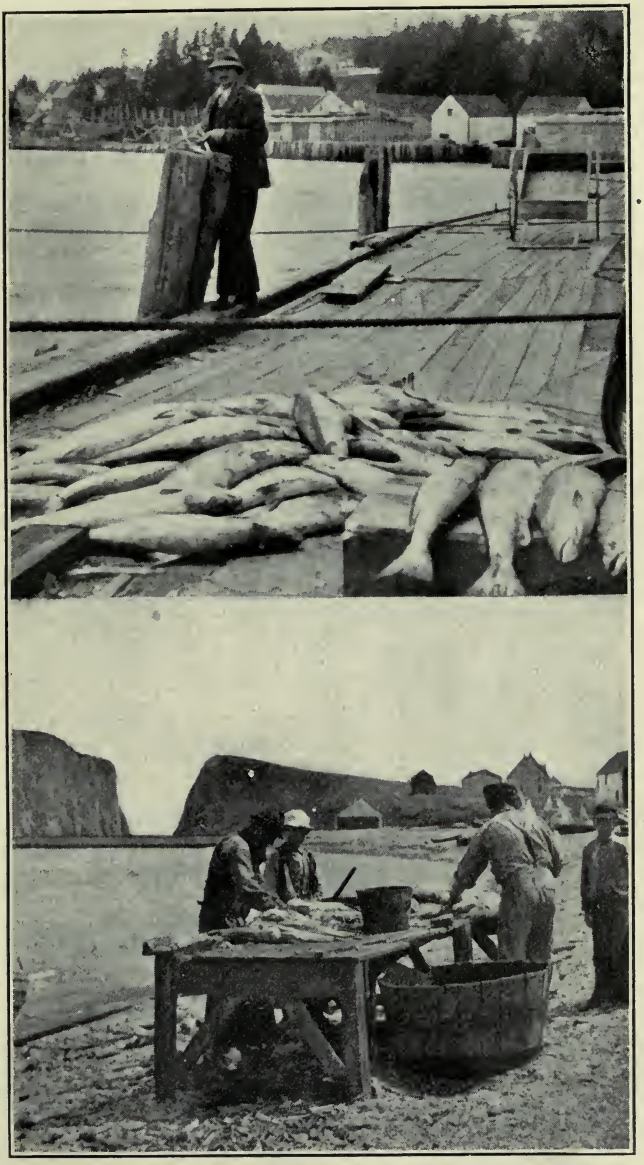
On the York, fourteen years ago, only fifteen salmon were caught in a season, with two rods. Eleven years later the catch amounted to one hundred and fifty, and in 1917, it had increased to four hundred. This increase is due to the salmon hatchery. The first Gaspé hatchery was built in l'Anse-aux-Cousins—later it was removed to Gaspé Harbour. This is the main one and the subsidiary one is twenty-one miles up the Dartmouth. Two men are employed all the year round in the Gaspé Hatchery, but in the busy season, extra hands are required. Ten guardians are employed on the rivers.

Five miles up the York is the collecting pond for the big fish. The parent salmon are trapped in summer or early fall, and are kept in the pond till they are ready to spawn, which is between the latter part of October and the middle of November. When the spawn has been removed, the old fish are set at liberty to return to salt water, and the ova, or eggs, are placed in trays, packed with wet moss in boxes, and removed to the hatcheries, where the unfertile eggs are removed, being picked out with pickers made of wire or wood. This is repeated at regular intervals till the eggs are hatched, which occurs in May. The sediment is cleaned from the eggs with a spray. They are kept in the hatchery from six to seven months. The young fish are kept about six weeks longer, until about one and a half inches long, when they are liberated, being placed in rivers where the current is not very strong and where no other fish lie: with good rock or bottom gravel beneath which to hide. 800,000 fry are placed in the three

Gaspé rivers, and from 25 to 50,000 in all the rivers of the coast from Gaspé to the Little Cascapedia. The fry is placed in distributing cans, with a strainer for air at the top—about 2,000 fry to each can.

The fry remain in fresh water rivers for two and a half years. In the fall they go to sea and are known as parr, being six inches long. Between one and two years they return as grilse, i.e., male fish. Female fish do not return until the following year, and are known as salmon. In 1916 four million salmon eggs, and one-half million trout eggs were hatched at the same time in the Gaspé hatchery.

The discovery of oil in Gaspé excited considerable interest. A beginning was made with horse-power and an ordinary well-digging apparatus. Shallow wells, three or four hundred feet were drilled. The encouraging report of Sir William Logan resulted in the formation of the "Petroleum Oil Trust," about thirty years ago. Forty wells were placed by this company, and six by the Canadian Petroleum Company. At some places, as at Mississippi Oil Well, the oil was discovered between fifteen hundred and two thousand feet below the surface. In others, it was necessary to go as deep as three thousand feet. The deepest well is 3,646 feet and required a year to dig it. Other wells yielded from one to twenty gallons a day, steadily through the year. Hope was high when two thousand barrels were taken from one well, of which a large percentage was kerosene. Some years ago the work was discontinued. Perhaps the public would be surprised to know, that there is one particular well which



1. A GASPE CATCH.
2. SPLITTING COD-FISH,—Percé, Que.

has continued to flow during all these years. How many millions of gallons must have gone to waste! One wonders why the work has been given up. Is the quality not up to expectations, or is it too inconvenient to continue operation? During the oil-fever in Gaspé, a man embraced the opportunity to play a practical joke upon a man, who was having a water-well dug. Securing a bottle of coal oil, he poured it down the well, and kerosene was very much in evidence when work was resumed. Pressed for his price, the owner was in no hurry to sell—at least not under value. Unfortunately for visions of future wealth, the output was short lived.

A project has been on foot for some time to furnish railway communication to the beautiful, thickly populated, and rich territory, lying about the north shore of the Gaspé Peninsula from Metis to Gaspé, and to supply a short route to the ocean, and an all-the-year-round port in the Province of Quebec for the railways of the east and west, and one nearer to Liverpool than any other on the American Continent.

The shortness of the route to Europe by way of Gaspé from Matane, is in favour of Gaspé, when the ocean difference is considered there is a saving of 375 miles in favour of Gaspé.

The bill to incorporate this railway was assented to, on March 26th, 1902, and thirty-six miles of this road are now completed and in operation from Mont Joli to Matane.

The inland waters of Gaspé Peninsula are rich in salmon and trout, The forests likewise abound

in moose, caribou and red deer, besides many fur-bearing animals.

Fish and game are strictly protected in the Gaspé country and some time ago "the whole central part of Gaspé Peninsula was set apart by the Provincial Government as a national park and huge fish and game preserve. The area of this park is 2,500 square miles, or about 1,500,000 acres. It includes the entire area covered by the Shick-Shock Mountains, the backbone of the Gaspé Peninsula, and the source of every important river of this part of the country."

The peninsula is rich in mineral deposits—copper, lead, chrome iron, asbestos, serpentine, limestone, chalk and petroleum.

Both the climate and the soil are admirably suited for agriculture, but the difficulty of communication has discouraged people from attempting to raise more than can be disposed of with ease.

Seal hunting is also an important industry of the Gulf. About fifty schooners are annually engaged in this work. The principal market for both the skins and oil is Bristol, England. Gaspé boys have always loved the sea. From Cape Ozo, John and Henry Collas joined the Canadian Navy, and Peninsula is represented by Officer G. W. Miller. H. M. Customs Cruiser "The Margaret" is manned by Gaspé men: captain, officers and crew.

The immense cod-fishing industry of Gaspé will receive attention in another place.

Six miles below Gaspé Basin is Haldimand, a very prosperous and interesting part of the country. It was settled about 1763, and among the

first settlers was George Thompson, who had been a sergeant in Col. Simon Fraser's 70th Regiment. His discharge testifying that he had "served honestly and faithfully" for seven years is still in good condition in the home of his great-grand-son Thomas Thompson, and bears the signature of Major Abercrombie.

Three miles above Gaspé is L'Anse aux Cousins, where milling operations have been carried on for many years by the Calhoun Lumber Company.

Several years ago the plant was burned down to be rebuilt later by Shepard and Morse, and it is now one of the largest lumber concerns in eastern Canada. The managers are the Messrs. H. M. and T. O. Calhoun. This is a large busy plant, employing between five hundred and seven hundred men in the various departments of lumber, shingles, and box factory.

From a picturesque view-point the situation is ideal. There are few more beautiful pictures along the Gaspé coast than that of L'Anse aux Cousins from the hill, where live the Messrs. Calhoun.

The facilities for shipping are equal to the beauty. So deep is the water that lumber is loaded without difficulty, and during the recent war the transport "Eagle," as well as many other large steamers loaded at L'Anse aux Cousins.

Seven miles below Gaspé Basin is Douglastown, named after a surveyor of the name who laid it out in town lots, as it was purposed to locate United Empire Loyalists here. The Roman Catholic Church was the first one erected in this part of the country. The inhabitants, who are largely of Irish descent had in the past days much inter-

course with the Island of Anticosti, in pursuance of the fishing industry and many interesting reminiscences are related by these hardy coastmen.

Seal Cove is a pretty dip in the high bank between Douglastown and Point St. Peter. Nearly all the way, great, bold cliffs, from one hundred and fifty feet and upwards, rise perpendicularly from the water's edge.

Point St. Peter has extensive fishing industries. A short distance from the shore is the rocky islet of Plateau, upon which a lighthouse has been erected—for insignificant as this rock would seem to be, it could tell a tale of a good ship wrecked upon its jagged rocks—all on board perishing. At Point St. Peter live many of the descendants of the first settler, Robert Bond. Later came Packwood and LeGros. Thirty years ago, the place was second only to Percé.

The first fishing firm at Point St. Peter was that of Percé, succeeded by the Messrs. Collas, and about the same time that of de Gruchy. Later came John LeGros, and the business is still carried on by his sons in Point St. Peter and Barachois.

An interesting home is that of Mrs. George Packwood who at ninety-four is so mentally clear, that her memory carries back to the date of the coronation of Queen Victoria. She distinctly remembers seeing from Cape Cove the ill-fated "Colbourne" sail along the coast.

Along the shores of Mal Bay, with Percé Rock in the fore-ground are beautiful villages: Mal Bay, Belle Anse and Barachois. This busy village, like the entire coast is peopled by genial, intelligent inhabitants. They are chiefly of Irish descent,

and are intensely loyal to their native country. Buckley, Tapp, Gerrard, Maloney, and St. Croix were among the first settlers. The oldest resident is Thomas Tapp. Very interesting are his reminiscences of early days, and equally touching is the intense love and reverence entertained by his children for their talented mother.

The prosperous farming district of Bridgeville is a short distance up the Barachois River; it was settled by McCallum and Robertson. The descendants are here to-day, progressive and prosperous.

On a hot summer day a more pleasant drive could hardly be imagined than over the long, sandbar, four miles in length, which extends to the Corner of the Beach. On the left, the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence roll in gently and the air, laden with the tang of the ocean beyond, comes as a refreshing breeze to the traveller. On the right is the Barachois, or lagoon, which at high water resembles a lake, and again at ebb tide is a muddy flat, ornamented with occasional pools of water. When the cold, rough storms of early winter prevail, there are few more inhospitable places than between the two waters on the sand bar at Barachois.

A traveller from Gaspé had an exciting experience on the Barachois ice. Reaching the Barachois Ferry, he found that he could not cross by the sand bar, as the water was still open. He therefore turned his horse up the Barachois Road. As the wind, which had been blowing hard, increased in velocity, he decided to cross the ice some

distance above the ferry, and thus avoid the long back road, which was the only alternative.

As he proceeded, he found that it required all his skill to prevent the robes from blowing away. When within a short distance of the shore, an accident to the harness or horse necessitated his leaving the sleigh.

With difficulty this was remedied and he turned to re-enter the conveyance, but a gust of wind caught one of the robes, and carried it beyond his reach. He dashed to recover it, but the wind carried it still farther, till finally it was lost in the open water of the channel.

The man turned to regain his sleigh, but found it impossible to do so. Encumbered as he was with his heavy fur coat, he could make no headway in the teeth of the gale. The wind was driving him towards the sand-bar. Steadily the distance between him and the sleigh increased; he was being pushed forward with irresistible force. Growing desperate, he dropped to his hands and knees, trying to clutch some projecting fragment, some fissure in the ice that would stay his progress, but none such could he find. The smooth surface of the ice offered nothing to which he could cling. The wind, the terrible wind, how relentlessly it pushed him on to certain destruction! His coat was blowing around him—thus adding to his danger. He felt for his knife: tried to stick it in the ice. Again and again he strove to fasten the blade in the treacherous surface, but it always slipped. He clutched at the ice with fingers now numb with cold.

Suddenly a shout arrested his attention! A man stood upon the bank, striving to make himself

heard, but the cruel wind threw the words back in the speaker's face. Fascinated he gazed upon the man, who dare not come to his rescue, but who was gesticulating so wildly. The man upon the bank then pulled off his boots and danced up and down. Suddenly, a light dawned upon the mind of the man in such dire peril. Painfully he succeded in removing his boots. What did it mean? He had ceased to move. The wind still raged with unabated violence, but—his woolen, socks had stuck to the ice.

He tried to pull himself backward,and found that he had gained an advantage. Slowly, inch by inch, he dragged himself back from the terrible brink where Death, grim and dreadful, waited. At last, with his coat in tatters, worn out with his dreadful experience, he reached safety.

Four miles farther is Corner of the Beach—a comfortably settled district with a railway siding, saw mill, several stores, post-office, church and school. The Beach has always been fished by its own people, having about ten little establishments of this kind.

In 1797 Adjutant Mabe, an U. E. Loyalist from Rhode Island, settled at Corner of the Beach, the British Government having granted him and each of his sons a tract of land. The Adjutant's sword is still a treasured heir-loom in the home of one of the grandsons, Capt. Dan Mabe. The sons followed the sea. One of them, Dan, built a top-sail schooner—the first built at Corner-of-the-Beach, and carried a cargo of fish to Barbados. He was captured by a Spanish pirate, who compelled all on board to "walk the plank." Eighteen months

later, a British gun-brig in turn captured the pirate, and the mystery surrounding the fate of the Gaspé seamen was solved.

The present Captain Dan Mabe has spent his life in the coast trade between Nova Scotia, Quebec and Montreal. He is very observent, intelligent and courteous and much interested in the early history of his native country, responding readily to the writer's request for "story." He described the old houses, with their large chimneys and the huge birch back-log and cod-oil lamps. But these have disappeared, and only remain in the memories of those who still look back to the days of childhood. Captain Mabe died since this was written.

Three ways lead from Corner-of-the-Beach to Percé. One way is across Mal Bay, in a gasoline launch in summer, and occasionally on the ice in winter. The second is by the Falls—the old mail road, and lastly by the Bluff Road.

Crossing Mal Bay, the face of the mountain between Corner of the Beach and Percé, reminded me of an immense old castle (an ancient keep and buttress), where lived the giant of the hills. The face of the great rock rises perpendicularly, contrasting with the deep ravine "le grande coupe"—the big cut. The rocks alternate red and gray, with streaks of white, and here and there little homes are perched in what seems to be well nigh inaccessible places.

The road through the mountains—known locally as "Through the Falls"—is exceedingly steep and, in many places, precipitous, flanked on one side by a wall of rock hundreds of feet high, while on the

THE VILLAGE OF PERCE.—In the Background, Bonaventure Island.

other the road over-reaches the cliff, which extends dizzily below. There are five miles of this hilly and toilsome road. Before the eye of the traveller extends a panorama rivalling European scenery in beauty and picturesqueness. In time, the road descends nearer to the sea-level. This is Percé, the shire-town of Gaspé—Percé of historic and legendary fame. The village nestles at the base of lofty Mount Ste Anne, which rises abruptly to the height of 1,300 feet. This mountain is a welcome sight to vessels coming up the St. Lawrence, being discernible fully eighty miles distant. Grand, almost beyond expression towers this mountain at the rear of Percé, while far above is the shrine of Ste Anne, silhoutted against the sky. So steep was the ascent that the lumber for the shrine was hauled up by oxen. To reach it, two paths behind the Roman Catholic Church divide—both of which lead to the shrine. The narrow and short trail is usually taken—through a wood chiefly of balsam trees. Part of the way the ascent is gradual: then it rises abruptly sharp, and runs along the edge of the deep gorge. Twenty-eight steps lead to the top. In a recent heavy gale the cross blew down.

Above, and to the rear of Mount Ste. Anne is White Mountain. On the right hand, looking seaward, is Mont Joli; on the left Cape Barré and the Murailles (sea walls) with their serrated edges. Still farther is the Pec de l'Aurore or the Red Peak. In the foreground is the far famed Percé Rock—no farther than two hundred yards from Mont Joli, to which it is believed to have been joined at some far distant date.

A recent visitor to Percé thus describes the great natural wonder.

"According to the earliest visitors to the Baie des Chaleurs the rock, which is now 1,500 ft. long, 288-ft. high at its peak and about 300-ft. thick at its greatest width, had at one time two natural arches through which large sized boats could sail at full tide. Later visitors wrote of three distinct arches being observable, thus showing that the wintry winds and continued lapping of the waves have worked another passage, through the rock. At a still later date, only two arches are recorded and a few years ago the rock split above the arch a large mass of the original rock falling into the sea and thus forming a separate pillar.

To-day there is only one arch in the large rock but indications are that others are forming. About thirty yards from the western end of the rock—the land end—and about half way from the top, a soft strata is slowly falling down and already a considerable cave exists. Further along another arch is forming, the grotto being already about fourteen feet long, fourteen feet high and reaching about thirty feet into the interior of the rock."

The rock has been compared to a great war-ship pierced by a torpedo. When the tide is out it is quite possible to walk out to the rock, and many fossils are picked up at its base, for geologists estimate that the portion of the rock above water weighs 4,000,000 tons, and that the fossils average one to a ton.

Although now inaccessible to man, Percé Rock was at one time frequently climbed by the early inhabitants of Percé, by means of ladders, in order

to cut the hay which flourished there. However, a law was passed by the authorities forbidding the ascent, in consequence of a man having been killed while attempting the feat. Percé is divided into two sections, North and South Beaches : both busy scenes of activity.

The churches are the Roman Catholic the most imposing structure—in style almost like a cathedral, and the pretty Anglican Church with its chancel and beautiful window in memory of Rev. William Gore Lyster, well known in the Protestant municipalities of Gaspé and Bonaventure as public school inspector. For thirty-nine years he ministered to the people of Cape Cove, and is still spoken of with affection and appreciation. This is said to be one of the finest modern windows in the world, the gift of the late Frederick James, Esqr. and desigined by a famous NewYork artist. Owing to the death of Mr. James, the work was carried out under the supervision of Mrs. James, who also erected a tablet to the memory of her talented husband.

The house on Cap à Canon is a very wonderful one—filled to overflowing with the cherished accumulated treasures of years—a veritable museum along certain lines. In a corner cup-board is a wonderful pink lustre set of dishes, which the owner carried home carefully through a heavy snow storm. There are pewter dishes, brass candlesticks, golden lustre jugs, copper lustre and ancient willow ware. The gentle, courteous lady of the house readily gave her time to the stranger who fearing to intrude had hesitatingly sought an interview, but who was speedily made to feel that the hostess was pleased to point out and explain.

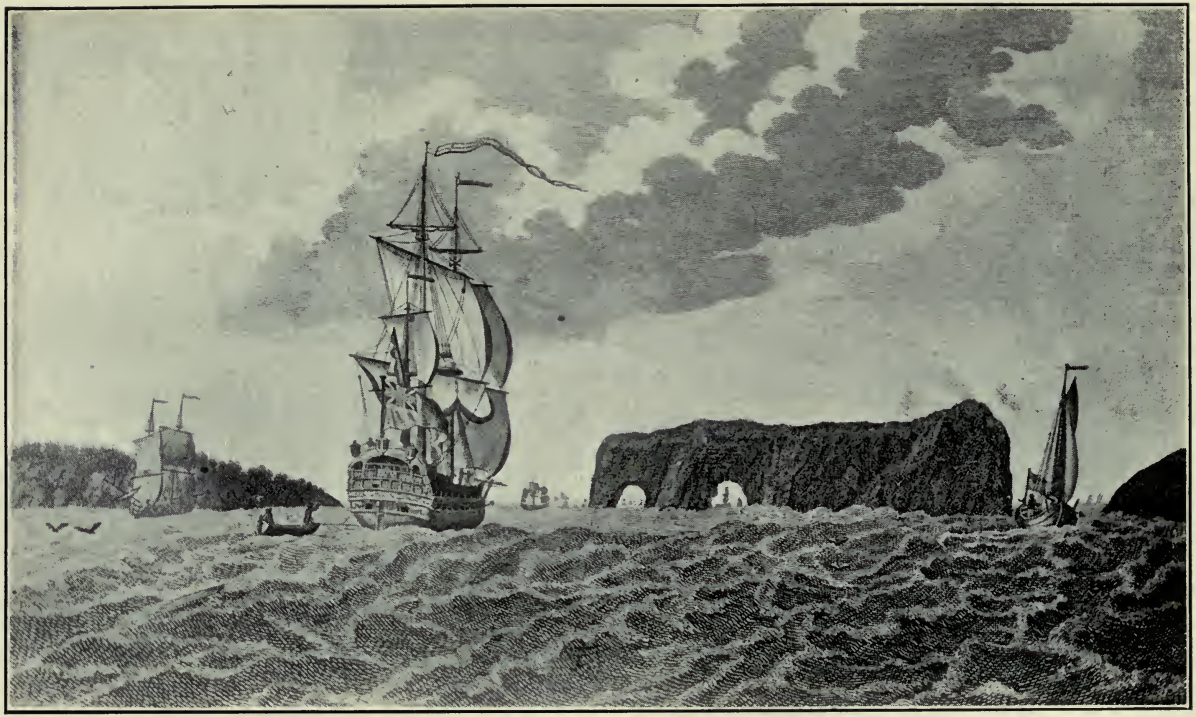
Later, she carried the big glass out on the veranda and turned it upon Percé Rock. Through the telescope, the top of the rock is seen to be an irregular slope, with meadow and rising ground. It is the home of innumerable birds: gannets, gulls, cormorants. The first are white with black points and has a family of one, hatched in a nest on the ground. Gulls are grey and white, while the cormorant is black and with twigs, builds a large high nest, which is plainly in view.

The birds scream and chatter unceasingly in bird language, safe from molestation, for the top of Percé Rock makes a safe eyrie whereon to rear their young.

Fearing extinction of the various species of birds, owing to the great decrease in their number, a law has been enacted in the Province of Quebec in the year 1919, which provides "Bird Sanctuaries" in the vicinity of Bonaventure Island and Percé Rock in the County of Gaspé, and Bird Rock, North East of the Magdalen Islands. By the provisions of the bill the birds and their eggs will be safe from molestation and destruction. Beautiful pictures of these interesting birds have been taken by William Duval, grandson of the brave privatier. Mr. Duval was lowered from the top of the cliff to the gannet ledges, on the north-east side of Bonaventure Island.

At parting the gentle lady bade me "come again", and among the pleasant remembrances of life must always be counted that morning at Cap à Canon.

Close at hand is Logan Park, a little enclosure set apart. Attached to the big rock within is a bronze tablet, in memory of Sir William Edmund



THE PERCE ROCK.—At the close of the 18th centuty. (From an old Engraving.)

Logan—"the Father of Canadian Geology, founder and first Director of the Geological Survey of Canada." The tablet was designed by Henri Hebert in 1910 and erected by the International Congress in 1913.

Near by is a tiny cemetery, wherein are three headstones. Here are buried Mr. and Mrs. Tuzo, natives of Bermuda. So much attached to Percé was this lady that she continued to live in the place after her husband's death.

The third is the grave of Pierre James Duval, a privateer who attained victory and fame during the latter part of the war between England and France.

I do not know that I can do better than quote the account of his famous encounter as given in Mrs. Wood's "The Tourists' Maritime Provinces." "Captain Peter Duval, during the Napoleonic war between France and England commanded a lugger—rigged privateer, under license from the British King. The 100-ton 'Vulture' with its four guns, plundered the French Coast from Normandy to the Bay. It is related that Bayonne merchants fitted out a brig of 180 tons, armed it with four times four guns and went in pursuit. Her battery had been so well masked that the 'Vulture' mistook the two-master for a merchantman and ran alongside. When suddenly the deck of the vessel was cleared for action, the dashing captain perceived his error but drove in his craft so close that the shots of the Frenchman went over, while he was able to deliver disastrous blows to the body of his antagonist. This manoeuvre resulted in the slaying of half the French crew and the loss of

but one in the 'Vulture.' Captain Duval was the proprietor of Bonaventure Island, which is two and a-half miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide.

The island has been compared to a huge whale in appearance. It is believed that at some remote period, it was ejected from the side of Mount Ste. Anne and precipitated into the sea, while Percé Rock arose.

The Island, like Percé Rock is rich in bird life. A noted geologist has estimated at 85,000 the number nesting on the south-east cliffs. The gannets are useless for food, but some times in spring the inhabitants collect their eggs. The sea-mews also find a home among the island cliffs, but unlike the gannets, are good for food. The noise from the bird colony, within the small flat holes of the rocks may, it is said, be heard five miles out at sea. On the sea-ward side, the cliffs rise from three to five hundred feet in height. A visit to the island and a sail around it are among the pleasures of a stay in Percé.

Percé Rock and Percé are both rich in legend.

Long ago, so runs the tale—a French frigate had come to Percé, where one of the sailors met and fell in love with one of Percé's fair maidens. So infatuated was he with the girl that he determined to desert his ship. Only one place of shelter offered: he succeeded in scaling Percé Rock, where he defied capture even under a fusillade from the frigate's guns. When at length the man-of-war departed young Neptune was at liberty to descend from his retreat.

Another version makes the rock the scene of a marriage.

Still another, less romantic but more ghostly, tells how a pirate aided by a faithful seaman buried his ill gotten booty upon the great rock, and rewarded his man by leaving his dead body to guard the treasure.

A story of Percé is handed down from the old-war days; a man of war entered this Gulf port to impress men for the service. The press gang succeeded in dropping the King's shilling into the pocket of a man named Lago. Escaping later, he ran for his life, seeking safety between the buildings whither the officer, determined to have his man, followed in hot pursuit. Hearing his screams, Lago's sister, who was considerably above the average in size, hastened to the rescue, and suddenly the officer was confronted by a hoe in the hands of an angry woman. One well-directed blow and the pursuit was ended.

Up on the mountains, beyond the Grand Coupe on the short road is the old Indian graveyard, possibly the one belonging to the Recollet Mission, between the years 1672 and 1690, and the place has the reputation attendant upon such places, voices and sounds uncanny having been heard.

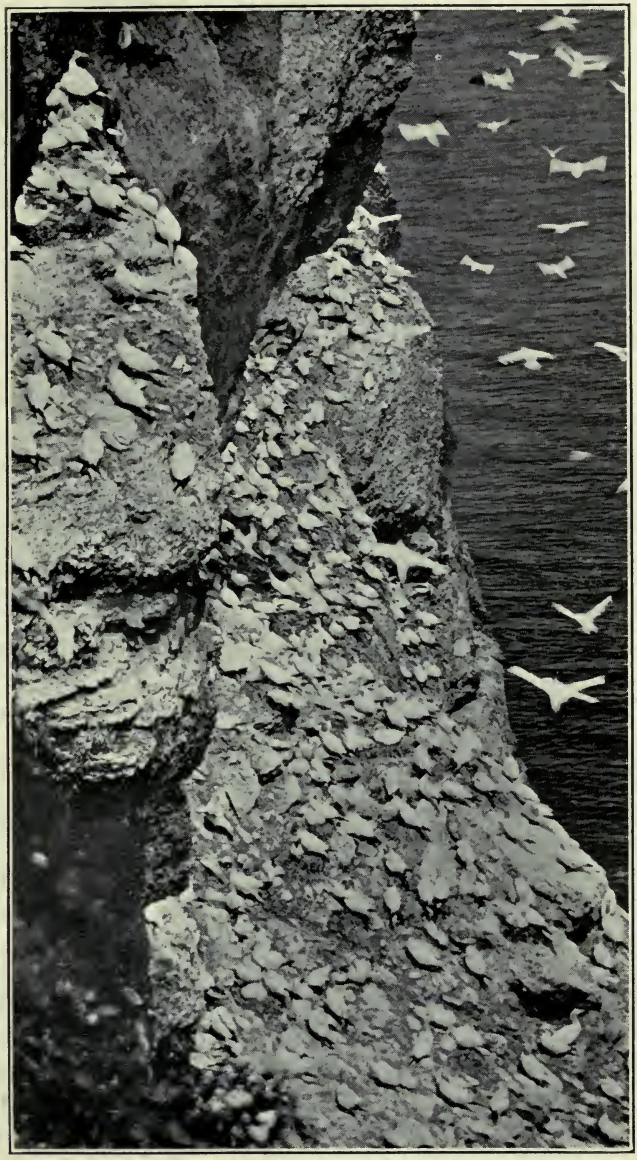
Another story tells of treasure seekers locating "something", after long and heavy digging. Then, forgetting the ban upon speech when thus employed, everything disappeared.

Travellers on the Irishtown Road back of Percé, are frequently followed and hindered on their journey by a pig of sable hue; whether the animal returns at stated intervals, the story does not say.

But folk-lore tales are not the only ones heard in Percé, many stories are related of accident and disaster.

On the top of Mount Joli lay an old unused cannon. The fête of St. Jean de Baptiste arrived and in honour of the day the place had been illuminated. Men and boys were around the old gun. The man who had been firing it, noticed that his boat was going adrift, and ran down to make it fast. During his absence the boys made too free with the cannon; one boy was blown over the cliff and several others injured.

The sinking rock of Percé, beyond Cormorant Rock, was the scene of a sad tragedy. Three years ago, two young fisherman went out one morning. As a storm was evidently brewing, the fishermen all returned to shelter excepting these two. The storm continued to increase and the missing men were seen making their way in, but, instead of mooring in the shelter of the cliffs, they made the fatal error of going on towards the rock. Watchers saw them disappear for a time, to reappear later beyond the sinking rock, and cast anchor. The storm increased in fury so that no boatman dare venture out. To the horror of the spectators the boat capsized, but was seen to right itself, and the men managed to enter her. Night was drawing on, and to the long hours of horror and anxiety was added the darkness of night. Fully two hundred persons continued to watch the brave little boat, waiting to render aid. The doomed boat was within twenty feet of the moorings—close to safety, but the current swept her on to the little ravine. The agonized cries for



A BIRD CLIFF.—Bonaventure Island.

help of the poor fellows, could be heard above the violence of the storm, and strong swimmers were in readiness to save them. But to render help was impossible, both were drowned. To add to the distraction, part of the bank gave way beneath the weight of the crowd.

On another occasion a storm coming on, the fishermen sought shelter at Bonaventure Island. Evidently they neglected to set a watch, and the wind changing unexpectedly, many were lost. Heroism and unselfishness characterized these men, for one sustained his mate for hours, till succor arrived.

These accounts of storm and disaster readily show, that the life of the Gaspé seaman is attended with danger, often with death. They are a brave, hardy, unselfish people, of strong sympathies and generous impulses.

Notwithstanding all that has been written about the wild, striking beauty of Percé, the subject is still unexhausted. Words fail to express the sense of immensity and grandeur experienced by the sight of Percé. The quiet, busy, little shire-town, like Jerusalem with the mountains round about, the hills, valleys, rocks, grassy slopes, the rich colouring and the kindness of the people, the comfort of its new and beautiful "Percé Rock House", all combine to leave an impression, not soon forgotten. Lamb's Hotel has recently been reopened, and like its contemporary is well patronised during the tourist season. Proprietors of both houses are anxious to please their patrons, and the success achieved is manifested by the number of visitors, who find their way to Percé.

At Percé is the summer home of Senator L'Espérance, who since January, 1917, has represented the Gulf Division in the Senate at Ottawa.

From Percé westward, the journey is made by easy stage to Cape Cove, nine miles farther on in an automobile, for Percé has been switched off the line of railway. Whitehead and Redhead are passed successively, where the cliffs in places are so high, that descent is only possible by means of ladders, and fish is drawn up from the shore with a horse and capstan. Then pretty Cape Cove is reached: a large settlement six miles in extent, of which three-fourths of the inhabitants are French. Fishing, agriculture and the pulp-wood industry give employment to the inhabitants. The wood is shipped by rail to the big pulp mill at Chandler.

The homes give evidence of culture and refinement.

West of Cape Cove is Cap d'Espoir, which time has changed to Cape Despair. An old story tells that one of Admiral Walker's troop ships, on his ill-fated attempt to take Quebec, was wrecked on this point, all on board perishing. Credulous persons related tales of lights being seen in the little cove, and during storms the cries and groans of the lost sailors were heard: this was a current belief of the old French habitant.

It was the writer's good fortune to be entertained in the home of Mr. Clement Dumeresq. He lives in a house which is still in perfect repair, although part of it is nearly one hundred years old. This house is rich in curios and mahogany. The hospitable lady of the house sat far into the night, while relating interesting facts, and per-

mitted me to see treasures which would arouse covetous feelings in the breast of a collector. There are beautiful old china dishes from Jersey and Guernsey, some of which are about two hundred years old: the remains of a set which had been divided and sub-divided among the descendants. Still older is the tiny cup and saucer in the precious willow pattern, the cup which had been made when handles were unused and two other kinds of willow ware. Unfortunately one jug of value has been damaged, but a large pink lustre jug is intact. One side bears the picture of a ship, two sailors, a cannon and an anchor, and the words *"Deus, Dacit, Vela"* Mariners Arms. The other side has the words:—

"Thou noble bark of brightest fame,
That bearest proud England's honoured name,
Right welcome home once more.
Welcome thou gallant little sail,
In England's name I bid thee hail!
And welcome to her shore."

On the parlour wall hangs the old time sampler, with the Lord's prayer in French, worked on hand woven linen by Anne Du Pres, aged eleven, in the year 1742.

The heirlooms are numerous. There is an old pewter plate—150 years old—still bearing the initials of the owner, from the old Lenfesty home in Guernsey.

Two easels each bear a portrait worked in ancient tapestry, with perfect blending of the colours, even in the slightest detail. On the wall is the oil painting of the old grand-aunt and near bye is her Chippendale chair.

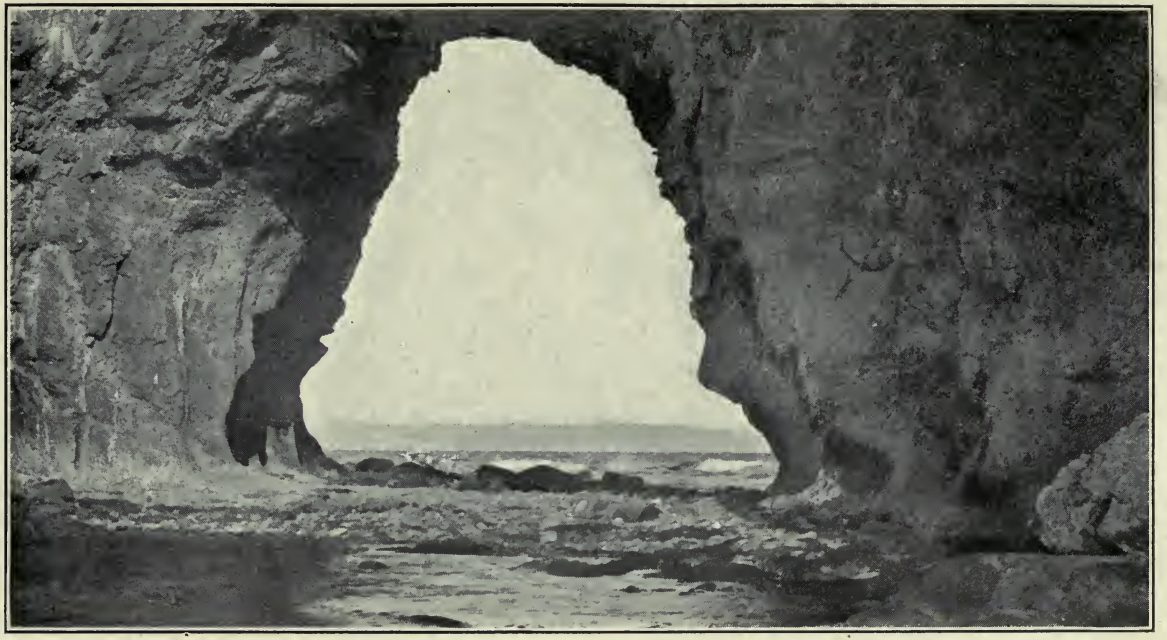
In one corner is the solid mahogany table, well on to a hundred years old, with its large folding leaves of a single board each, two feet wide and in perfect preservation. There are eight legs supporting this massive piece of furniture. The old grandfather's clock holds an honoured place, and in the guest chamber above is a beautiful mahogany wardrobe and bureau, upon which age has apparently had no effect.

The contents of the old fashioned mahogany knife box show all ages, and various styles. There are knives, large enough to be dangerous looking, and an old silver spoon dated 1778, which had been rescued from the pig trough. The beautiful little silver and oak gravy dish has an old bead pattern.

A most treasured heir-loom is the petticoat, which has been handed down for five generations, and finally converted into a cradle-quilt. The hand-quilting, with the stitches so fine that they are scarcely discernible by the naked eye, is in tiny diamonds beyond number, evenly marked in the linen, and every stitch a marvel of careful handiwork.

Among the books are the leather bound copies of the Old and New Testaments, dated 1707, at Amsterdam. The weight and size of the volumes are in striking contrast to the books of to-day, when leather and paper have increased so alarmingly in price.

How reluctantly I turned from the biography of Philippe Dumeresq, written in French and tracing the genealogical descent for many generations. There was also the autograph album, with its precise writing and quaint pictures, pre-



PERCE ROCK.—Showing arch.

pared by some ancient ancestor. But I dared not linger longer, for time was pressing and so I bade this pleasant, interesting home a grateful farewell.

Nine miles farther and we reach Grand River—a large French parish with a newly renovated church. Fishing, as elsewhere, is the chief industry, although of late years more attention is being given to agriculture. All along this part the scenery is very striking and beautiful. Two rivers find their way into the Gulf—Little and Grand Pabos. The railway follows the shore line, and part of the way along the sand bar—with its barachois to the right. The scene on a summer evening, when the tide is at its flood, is one not soon to be forgotten.

Here too is busy Chandler, a new town with a large pulp mill—said to be one of the largest plants in Canada—the St. Lawrence Pulp and Lumber Co., where paper is turned out in the raw, ready for shipment.

Newport is the next place of any importance. There are beautiful, low, sandy beaches and farther off the fishing fleet. Newport Islands are small, insignificant rocks but thereon was wrecked the S.S. Eileen—the coasting vessel between Campbellton and Gaspé.

Cove succeeds cove in endless succession. In some places so closely does the train run beside the coast that it is only a stone's throw to the water. The new church, of red brick, was finished in 1917 at a cost of $56,000.

Presently Point Macquereau, with its lighthouse and the County line is reached; west of which for ninety miles extends the beautiful Baie des Chaleurs.

PART II

THE BAIE DES CHALEURS

The Baie des Chaleurs:Bonaventure.—Sketch: "The Wreck of the Colbourne."—Port Daniel.—Paspebiac.—New Carlisle.—Bonaventure.—New Richmond.—Goose Lake.—Grand Cascapedia and New Richmond Mine.—Maria: the Whale and the seaweed.—Carleton.—The Glen.—Pointe à Bordeaux.

THAT warm day of July, 1534, when the ships of Jacques Cartier ploughed the waters of the Baie des Chaleurs is responsible for the name borne by the wide expanse of water forming part of the boundary between Northern New Brunswick and the Province of Quebec. Struck by the contrast, between the ice-laden winds of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the gentle breezes of the bay, he gave to it the name, which is singularly inappropriate during the greater part of the year. Notwithstanding the heavy, cold gales which in their season sweep over it, converting its placid surface into angry billows and white caps, which dash and break with a noise like thunder against the high rocky cliffs, bounding in many places the northern coast, the country all around the Baie des Chaleurs is the well-beloved abiding place of a people, who obtain a livelihood from its land, woods and waters.

Beautiful for situation is the Baie des Chaleurs. To the south, the coast of northern New Brunswick is low. At the entrance of the Bay are the

islands of Miscou and Shippegan on the south, and Point Maquereau on the north. A lighthouse is built on this point. A few miles beyond is Harrington Cove, the scene of the wreck of the "Colbourne", one of the sad tragedies of this coast.

A most interesting and graphic account of this shipwreck appeared, a few years ago in a periodical, and I take the liberty to copy it verbatim, regretting my inability to give credit to the author.

THE WRECK OF THE "COLBOURNE"

"Throughout the two old Provinces of Canada there was in the year 1838 no name better known or more frequently mentioned than that of Sir John Colbourne. The uprising against the Government that had broken out in 1837 flared up again in the following year, and Sir John, as Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Canada, was the man of the hour. Before his military operations the flame of insurrection was soon stamped out, although it has been charged that on some occasions he was unnecessarily severe. However, this is not under consideration here.

"In order that he might have a table service in keeping with his high position and style of living, he caused to be sent out from England a valuable collection of silver plate, and by a rather remarkable co-incidence, the plate was shipped on a vessel that bore Sir John's name, 'The Colbourne' of Hull, England. 'The Colbourne' was a barque of 350 tons, commanded by Captain Kent, an experienced seaman. During August, 1838, she

took on her cargo at London, and considering the smallness of the vessel, it was one of the most valuable cargoes ever shipped out of the Thames, consisting of general merchandise, wines, spirits, sperm oil and spices..... Besides Sir John Colbourne's valuable plate, there was a large collection of costly ornaments for churches in Lower Canada and £40,000 in specie in boxes, each box containing one thousand sovereigns. A large portion of the money belonged to the Government, and much of it was intended to be used in paying the troops in Canada. Some of the gold was for the Canadian banks. The crew of the 'Colbourne' consisted of seventeen men, and besides the crew there were thirty-eight passengers. Among the passengers were a number of British officers going out to join the forces in Canada, and their wives and children.—Capt. James Eliot Hudson, his wife, five daughters and four sons; Mr. William Walker, of the Royal Navy, brother-in-law to Capt. Hudson; Capt. Bucket and wife, and others of like rank. A number of Canadians were also on board: Mr. W. Scobell, of Hamilton, Ont.; Mrs. Wilson of the same place; Mr. Keast, of Toronto; Mr. George Manley, Deputy Sheriff of Quebec and others. The passengers were, with few exceptions persons of means such as to-day are to be found in the first class cabin of an ocean liner. On August 30th the 'Colbourne' sailed from London.

"Just as the vessel was swinging out from her dock, a young Englishman jumped on board. He proved to be a sailor, and as two boys had deserted from the crew a short time before sailing, he was

L'ANSE-AU-GASCON.

at once engaged to do the work to which the boys had been assigned..... The wind was now favourable; the 'Colbourne' passed quickly down the Thames and was soon at sea, buffeting with the waves of the Atlantic, with her bows turned towards the distant shores of Canada. The 'Colbourne' never again entered port. She reached Canada but only to be stranded on the rock-bound coast of the Gaspésian Peninsula. Of the fifty-five souls who sailed on the Colbourne out of London harbour, only twelve ever set foot on land again, and the greater part of her cargo of gold and silver plate and valuable merchandise went with the forty-three victims of the wreck to the bottom of the Bay of Chaleur.

"The loss of the 'Colbourne' was one of the saddest tragedies of the Gulf. On the night of October 15th, forty-five days after sailing from London, the 'Colbourne' was well in the Bay of Chaleur and close to the Gaspé Coast. Her destination was Quebec and therefore, instead of being in the Bay of Chaleur, she should have been passing up the Gulf of St. Lawrence. That she was so far out of her course shows that a fatal and inexcusable error had been made in the reckonings. As night came on the Captain sighted a light which he said was on Anticosti Island in the Gulf.

'I strongly maintained to him' said one of the survivors in relating the tragic story of that awful night 'that at that time no such light was kept up. The light seen was probably on Mount Anne in Percé. Therein lay our trouble.'

"This survivor was Joseph Jones Acteson, who for many years after the wreck resided at L'Anse

aux Gascons, a small Gaspé Coast village not far from Port Daniel and near the scene of the loss of the 'Colbourne'. Thirty-three years after the wreck, Mr. Acteson was visited by Sir James LeMoine and to that well-known Littérateur he gave an account of the disaster. 'Close to twelve o'clock at midnight on October 15th' said Mr. Acteson,' whilst Capt. Kent and Capt. Hudson were taking a glass of wine together in the cabin, the watch was called; while aloft, reefing topsails, one of the hands sung out 'Breakers ahead'. Before the ship could be put about, she struck heavily, starting stern-post and unshipping rudder.'

"In an instant the ship was a scene of wild confusion and distracting terror, the women and children fleeing from their berths to the cabin and some to the deck, sobbing and overcome with fright. The pumps were tried and eight feet of water was found in the hold. The first mate asked permission to cut away the masts and get the boats ready for launching but Capt. Kent refused. 'There is no danger' he said 'I am the master and the masts must not be cut'..... The rudder had been carried away, but by shifting the sails the vessel was swung into deep water. Finding that she was filling rapidly, an attempt was made to get her in near the rocky shore, which was not more than a stone's throw distant when she first struck. Being without a helm, the effort to work the vessel shore-ward failed. In the meantime the wind freshened, and half-an-hour after the ship first struck she went on the rocks again, this time falling on her side, throwing

passengers and crew into the sea. Many of the struggling wretches were soon swallowed up by the waves.

"Acteson and five sea-men managed to get into a jolly boat, but almost the next moment the boat was struck by a huge wave and the men hurled into the water. Coming to the surface, Acteson found himself near the ship's yard, which now reached into the sea as the vessel was floating on her beam ends. Here he was joined by three of the men, who had been with him in the jolly boat and they succeeded in reaching the long boat, which lay between the masts in the water. After clearing the long boat from the rigging, they tried to reach the wreck to pick up such of the passengers and crew who might still be alive, but having lost their oars, they had to drift at the mercy of the waves. They managed, however, to take from the rigging, hanging down into the water two sons of Capt. Hudson. With some boards found in the boat they rigged up a kind of sail, which enabled them to keep their boat headed to the sea, and thereby saved it from being capsized, and thus they drifted about through the remainder of the cold and dismal October night.

"Several of the crew and passengers clung tothe rigging for some time, until exhausted and benumbed by cold they slipped into the sea, or were carried away by a wave of unusual height that reached the spot to which they had managed to climb.

" 'We were in the neighborhood of the ship' said Mr. Acteson' and could hear all night particularly loud and melancholy cries on board; this

was a powerful young sailor who never ceased moaning until he sank exhausted about dawn, uttering even from under the waves a scream for help. None was ever to come to him. This 'powerful young sailor' was the man who had jumped aboard the 'Colborne' just as she was leaving her dock in London. A moment more and he would have been too late—he would not have perished on the Gaspé shore.

"'At five o'clock next morning' continued Mr. Acteson 'our long boat was towed by the natives into Anse-aux-Gascons. Some of us were quite insensible, but by the unremitting attention shown us by the French and English fishermen, they after some hours brought us round. The 'Colbourne' drifted about, water-logged, from Monday night until the following Saturday, when the numerous boats which the news of the ship-wreck had attracted, succeeded in towing her ashore in Harrington Cove, a mile and three-quarters distant from Port Daniel.

"Some of the crew were found in the rigging, dead. The body of Captain Hudson was fished up from the wreck with a boat-hook, also those of two children and Mr. Walker. From the tangled rigging were taken other bodies, among them being those of Captain Kent and a couple of other sailors. These bodies were taken ashore at Port Daniel to the store of Mr. Wm. Carter, where an inquest was held. For several days after the wreck, the bodies of other victims were found along the shore, or picked up floating in the bay. It was some time before the body of Mrs. Hudson was secured, as it had been carried some distance

1. PORT DANIEL—Showing Harbour.
2. PIONEER LIFE IN GASPESIA.

across the bay. In her clothing were found £600 in bank notes. On the morning following the disaster, the beach of the little bay was strewn with wreckage, among it being much of the valuable cargo that had already been washed ashore. As the days passed, more was fished up from the sea—the trunks of the travellers containing fine clothing of all kinds, cases of wine, spirits and spices, other goods from the general merchandise and furniture and fittings from the ship.

"There was some attempt to collect the wreckage on behalf of those interested, either as owners or insurers, and some of it was sold at auction on the spot, articles worth many pounds being knocked down at a few shillings. Scattered along the shore, much of the wreckage was never accounted for, although it was put to good use by those who found it.

"'In some of the little homes along the Port Daniel and Anse-aux-Gascons shore can to-day be found furniture and sea chests that were saved from the 'Colborne' seventy-two years ago' said a former resident of that Gaspé shore when speaking of the wreck a few days ago. 'I have often seen pieces of the furniture in use in fishermen's homes, and one piece I specially remember, it was a huge oak sideboard, massive and handsomely carved and what do you think the owner had done to it? He had painted it—actually covered that rich old English oak with coats of cheap paint.'

"Not all of the gold that was on the 'Colbourne' was recovered. Some of the boxes containing the sovereigns, were however, fished up. Some of them were accounted for, others it is said along

that shore, were appropriated by the finders. Long after the wreck, certain lucky and persistent treasure hunters found boxes of sovereigns, about which the government and the banks heard nothing.

"Immediately after the disaster five boxes, each containing a thousand sovereigns were secured. It was thought that the gold should be counted before forwarding it to Quebec, but every time the sovereigns were counted their numbers grew less, until orders were given to stop the counting and send the gold on to Quebec.

"The tragic story of the 'Colborne' may be closed with the outlines of a chapter of romance. The long boat in which Acteson, three other sailors and a few of the passengers drifted about throughout the night, was brought to shore in the early morning by a party of natives of Anse-aux-Gascons who gallantly put out to their rescue as soon as daylight dawned. Among the rescuers was a man named Chedore. He had a daughter named Isabella, and not long after the wreck she became the wife of Acteson, the man whom her father had rescued. At Anse-aux-Gascons and in the adjoining parish the descendants of this pair are living to this day."

One of the finest fishing stations on the coast is Gascons. The country is undulating, with much high, rocky land. The green farms are laid off in garden-beds: so well cultivated do they appear. There are deep gorges and beautiful scenery, with points and headlands jutting into the bay.

Between L'Anse aux Gascons and Port Daniel are the limestone quarries, at the base of the mountain, known as Cap à l'Enfer or Cap au Diable. Messrs. F. X. Deraiche of Chandler and J. C. Fair of Black Cape are the organisers of the Gaspesian Fertiliser Company, which from these quarries supplies limestone rock to the Chicoutimi Pulp Co., and manufactures agricultural lime for correcting acidity in sour soils. This limestone is quarried near the railway, goes through a crusher, and then through a pulveriser, which breaks the stone to a fine powder; it is passed through screens, and is finally bagged or shipped in bulk. Near by is the tunnel excavated through the mountains of grey limestone, for the railway—Atlantic Quebec and Western. The tunnel is 635 feet long and the height of the centre of the tunnel of Cap à l'Enfer 240 feet, while the height above the centre of the tunnel is 180 feet. The work was performed under the direction of Sir Douglas Fox and partners, engineers, and it is still related in Port Daniel, with appreciation of the skill exhibited, that so accurately was the work gauged that the work, begun on opposite sides of the mountain, met exactly at the centre, taking two years to accomplish the task. The writer has in her possession a fine stalactite from the tunnel, as well as a part of the drill used in the work. In these great mountains of limestone, rising almost directly from the water's edge, are imbedded innumerable fossils. At some places are huge boulders, high banks with bold water, and again at ebb tide are low, delightful beaches where the sea flows in with a gentle ripple and rythme which are as music to the ear. But

the delightful harbour of Port Daniel is not always in holiday humour. There are occasions when the sea dashes angrily on the sands and rocks, with a roar as of cannon, rushing madly, with terrific force, high on the rocky bank, threatening destruction to any craft not securely anchored.

All around are well cultivated farms, for much attention is given here to agriculture, which is carried on in the most up to date methods.

Before the railway arrived Port Daniel had felt itself shut in, particularly in winter, and now rejoices that opportunities for communication with outside places are so greatly increased. The writer knew this lovely harbour in pre-railway days, when the old "Admiral" of the Baie des Chaleurs route, served the villages of the two Gaspèsian Counties, and the charm of the place in those days has never been forgotten.

The Port Daniel River is formed of three Branches, which are three distinct rivers: North, Middle and West. The first two empty into a lagoon, formed by the barachois of Port Daniel, which finally finds its way into Port Daniel Bay. This bay is considered one of the most remarkable, excellent and useful in Gaspé Peninsula and is four or five miles in extent. The name is said to have been given for the following reason: one of the early navigators, sailing up the Baie des Chaleurs, said to his helmsman. "Let's go into port, Daniel." This was overheard and the name remained. It is however more probable that the place was named after Captain Daniel of the Marines, a contemporary of Champlain, an account of whose voyages was published in 1630

TREASURES OF THE SEA—Port Daniel.

("Les Noms Géographiques" by Pierre-Georges Roy).

The first settler was Langlois, a runaway marine. He married a native woman and settled by the river's mouth, as did most of those who came later, hunting and fishing in canoes. During the summer they lived in small houses on the beach—moving to the woods in winter. The first English speaking settlers came about the year 1825. Mrs. Patrick Sweetman, affectionately known in the community as "Grandma", and now approaching the hundredth milestone, in a reminiscent mood told of grinding wheat and barley at night, to get enough flour for the next day's bread, adding, "Mother always sifted the flour." Barley was pounded with a pounder in a wooden mortar, manufactured from a birch log.

It often happened in those early days that food for the cattle ran short, and the farmers cut cedar boughs and the bark of the rowan trees for the cattle. Sometimes in a big easterly storm the sea came up to the doors, destroying the gardens.

Slowly the country advanced, and brought prosperity to those indomitable pioneers, so that to-day there are few, if any places on the coast more prosperous and comfortable. Churches, schools and hotels are up to date. Like Gaspé and Percé, the place has been discovered by the summer tourist, for Port Daniel has a charm not always found elsewhere, and those who come here once, usually return.

The descendants of the early settlers are still here: many of them still living on the farms which their fathers rescued from the forest. They have

not forgotten the lessons learned from worthy ancestors; the grace of hospitality, the kindly welcome, the bright smile, all await the sojourner in this charming summer resort on the Baie des Chaleurs.

Through the perseverance of Charles H. Nadeau of Port Daniel, the first attempt at ship-building was made at that place in June 1918, and notwithstanding the difficulty in obtaining materials for this line of work, a wooden fore-and-aft schooner of 148 tons burden was successfully completed and launched in November of the same year. Timber is now being placed in the same yard, and plans made to build a three-masted schooner during the coming summer.

In addition to the new industry of ship-building, many of the inhabitants are busily engaged in the pulp-wood industry. The Meigs Pulp-wood Company, with headquarters in New York and Montreal, and branch offices in New Richmond and Campbellton began operations along the coast in 1916 from Port Daniel to Matapedia, and northern New Brunswick, as well as many other places. Rossing plants are placed at regular intervals along the bay coast.

Up to the present, the pulp-wood has been shipped by rail to New York, and thus the incalculable benefits arising to the country of Gaspésia through the regular, efficient train service is being realized in many departments of industry, and the great resources of the country are being utilized. The exportation of pulp-wood is steadily increasing, as the traveller by train readily

perceives. During the salmon season in 1919, no fewer than fifteen stands were in Port Daniel Harbour. Mr. Wm. MacDonald, the oldest salmon-fisherman caught last season a salmon weighing forty-five pounds.

A new fish industry in this place is that of Dr. Guy, who by a special process supplies fresh cod to outside markets.

Next on the line of March is Shigawaki, where great attention is given to agriculture, and the inhabitants are in prosperous circumstances. The pioneers were U. E. Loyalists: Travers, Robinson, and Almond. A descendant of the last named is Canon Almond.

Seventeen miles farther west is Paspebiac, known all over the world, because of being the headquarters for many years of the great cod-fishing industries of the Charles Robin Co. (the "C.R. C's" of trade), and the LeBoutillier Brothers both Jersey firms, but as a special article is to be devoted farther on to the coast fishing, little or no mention has hitherto been made of this industry.

But Paspebiac Beach deserves more than a word in passing. It is reached by land from the King's Highway, by a gentle descent and a long bridge across the barachois or lagoon. Following a good road to the left, the buildings of Robin, Jones and Whitman are reached. To the right are the buildings of the LeBoutillier Brothers. There are three wharves, one belonging to the "C. R. C's", another to the LeBoutillier Brothers, the third being a public wharf built by the government. Beyond this is the point itself, where is the lighthouse, with its revolving light.

In the summer the Beach is a scene of activity; the stores and offices are filled with clerks, the fish and store-rooms with busy men, each having his work and performing his special task with the speed and precision of the skilful. Craft of all kinds are in the harbour or at the wharves, lading or unlading. Across the barachois on the hillside, commanding a view of the Baie des Chaleurs, snugly and prettily situated in the midst of trees, is the winter residence of the manager of Robin, Jones and Whitman—Mr. Hamon, who most courteously receives the stranger to the Beach.

At the junction of the Main and Beach roads, "C. R. C's" have the finest store in the Gaspé Peninsula. In fact it is said that few city stores are fitted equally expensively.

The drive along the bay coast is very beautiful and restful. Handsome houses and luxuriant trees testify to the comfort and taste of the inhabitants.

Beautifully situated on the Bay, thirty miles from its mouth, is New Carlisle, the county seat of Bonaventure. The rising land, known as "the Mountain" is at least two miles to the rear of the village. A delightful drive leads to the back of the mountain, from whence a magnificent view is obtained. A mile below the village is the road leading to the lakes: three in number: the Black, or Little, White and Long Lakes. The latter is the largest and the water is beautifully clear, the pebbles at the bottom being discernible. Black Lake receives its name from the colour of the mud

at the bottom. Current report affirms that, "If you go down there, you'll stick."

In strong contrast is White Lake which extends from near the end of Black Lake. The bottom is a white clay or marl which makes an excellent whitewash. A ridge of land separates these lakes from each other. Trout are plentiful, and many a day's sport has been enjoyed angling for the coveted beauties. Black Lake finds its way into Baie des Chaleurs by way of the Nouvelle River, ten miles distant.

New Carlisle was settled by United Empire Loyalists who, at the close of the War of Independence preferred the hardships of a new country, rather than separation from British rule and institutions.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, these pioneers settled here about A. D. 1780. Among these brave and loyal people were the Caldwells, Adams, Sherars, Bebees and Stearns. Wm. Adams grandfather of Wm. Shephard, Esqr., High Sheriff of the county, was the first male child born in the new settlement. About this time came also Chisholm, who had been an army-officer, and later John Hamilton, several of whose descendants trace through their mother their descent from Governor Cox; Robert Christie, a political representative, and historian, Judge Thompson, Mr. Kempffer, one of whose descendants is the efficient Secretary of Bonaventure County Council: a gentleman, who is very interested in his native country, and able to give much valuable data of the early days. Other wellknown families are LeBel, Maguire and La Ferrier.

The settlers were liberally supplied with agricultural implements and provisions for three years. Fish was abundant, and wood plentiful, so the new colonists suffered little or no hardship.

Among the pioneers was Robert Caldwell, who lived in what is now the oldest house in New-Carlisle. The first sermon was preached to the new colonists by a Presbyterian minister in the parlour of this house. Here also the first marriage ceremony was performed, and the first baptism solemnised. It is,as already said the oldest house in New Carlisle, being well on to two hundred years,since it was built by Vondon Veldon, a Dutchman, out of logs. He also surveyed the town, laying it out in four acre lots. At one time this house was the residence of Governor Cox, who presided over the affairs of the Gaspé District and after whom the township was named. The court met upstairs, but there was no jail in those days. Summary justice was meted out to a man who had been found guilty of theft. The spot is still pointed out, near the corner of the house, where he was publicly flogged.

The house is still in good repair: very quaint but habitable.

To-day there are churches, a court house, jail, town hall, lawyers' and doctors' offices and two hotels.

New Carlisle, in its attitude to the temperance question set an example worthy of imitation; the traffic in intoxicants being prohibited. This municipal action was further strengthened by a similar county prohibitory by-law.

It would be interesting to trace the advance of

PULP MILL.—Chandler, Co. Gaspé.

educational advantages in the shire-town, but space forbids. Oct. 2nd 1915, was a red letter day in New Carlisle, and indeed in the two counties, for on that date, the new Protestant Academy was opened—the first one in the Gaspésian Peninsula. The late Manager of the Gaspésian Railways Mr. C. R. Scoles—granted free transportation to every Protestant teacher and one pupil in every school in the two counties, while special excursion rates were provided for all others. It will be long before the grateful feelings, excited by this kind and liberal act of the General Manager will be forgotten in the school districts of the Gaspé Peninsula. A more striking or beautiful sight was never seen in New Carlisle, than the regiment of children, each carrying a flag, marching down the street beneath the lines of flags and bunting. The band and the children's voices blended, as they marched to meet the Provincial Treasurer and other notables.

This miniature regiment was the earnest of another which trained in New Carlisle later, with a sterner purpose: even in some instances including the supreme sacrifice.

There are many comfortable residences and, among others, are the residence of the late Lieutenant-Governor Robitaille, who for many years represented the county, and that of James Mill, Advocate, F. J. Bujeaud, M.P.P., and the old home of James Sherar, whose ancestors were among the early pioneers. In it are many interesting relics. The home of Mrs. Scoles has been dismantled, and the accumulated treasures disposed of. There are many others which might be

mentioned, but one other will suffice, that of the Honorable John Hall Kelly, who has attained position and fame in his native province.

Mr. Kelly is the son of the late Mr. M. J. and Mrs. Kelly, and was born at St. Godfroy, Bonaventure County, September 1st 1879. He was educated at Memramcook, N. B., where he graduated with distinction in June 1900, carrying off special honours for philosophy and oratory. Three years later, he graduated in law at Laval University, being the only student of the year, who received the degree of Licentiate in Law, with the greatest distinction.

In February 1904 he married Miss M. A. Dionne of Quebec, who died in 1917. In September 1904 he was elected to the Quebec Legislature with over 400 of a majority; re-elected in 1908 against Dr. Verge of Quebec, and in 1912 over Mr. Beauchesne. On April 25th 1914 he was appointed Legislative Councillor for Grandville.

Although he had a large county to look after, the Honorable Mr. Kelly devoted the most of his time to his profession, which he loves, and in which he has been so successful, that notwithstanding his youth, he has been classed among the leaders of the Bar of the Province of Quebec. He has refused several tempting offers to enter into partnership with leading Montreal law firms, preferring to remain in his native county.

Mr. Kelly is actively interested in everything that will promote the interests of not only County Bonaventure, but the entire Gaspé District as well. He took an important part in the organization of the St. Lawrence Pulp and Lumber Cor-

poration, and it was owing to his efforts, that a sulphite pulp mill, with a capacity of one hundred and fifty tons was built at Chandler, thus giving employment in various ways to many of the people of the Gaspé coast. He is also President of the New Richmond Mining Company, as well as of the North American Mining Company.

The office of the Honorable John Hall Kelly is built upon the site of the first printing office in the Gaspé District. When laying the foundation of the present building, the seal and other remains of the old printing-press were found. Here the "Gaspé Gazette"—the pioneer newspaper of the Gaspé country was published weekly by Robert Warren Kelly, great-grandfather of the present Mr. Kelly. The first edition was published in 1848. In it, a prominent place was given to the fisheries of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Baie des Chaleurs. In addition to the weekly edition, Mr. Kelly also published the "Gaspé Magazine", comprising articles of history, fiction and poetry. Another pioneer in literature in New Carlisle was Mr. Thomas Pye, who wrote and illustrated "Gaspé Scenery", published in 1866 by John Lovell of Montreal.

New Carlisle has a good wharf and harbour for shipping. It is also the divisional point for the trains of the Quebec and Oriental Railway going west to Matapedia, and the Atlantic, Quebec and Western going east to Gaspé Basin. A splendid new, up-to-date station has been erected and here are also the shops, etc., belonging to the railway. Since the decease of Mr. Scoles, the management of this busy branch railway has been in the capable

hands of Mr. Jas. S. Gordon. During the last couple of years a large amount of repair has been put on the road, and the dream of long years has been realized, and to-day the inhabitants of this far-eastern corner of Canada are in close connection with the great centres.

The building of the "Bay de Chaleur Railway", as it was first named, began in 1886; C. N. Armstrong contracting for the hundred miles from Matapedia to Paspebiac. The work, however, was handicapped, and it was twenty years before the first train went through, on its completion. The old name gave way finally to the present one in 1910. The building of the second part to Gaspé commenced in the spring of 1905: the new Canadian Co. contracting, and so rapidly and successfully was the work pushed, that the whole contract was finished in 1911, when the first passenger train went to Gaspé. This was record time, when the country is considered. Many streams, large and small had to be spanned, but so thoroughly was the work performed that much credit is due those who carried on the work. The name of the late Mr. C. R. Scoles will always be associated with the building of the Gaspesian Railway. Its completion was largely due to his optimism, and indefatigable energy.

The railways of Gaspésia are a source of comfort and utility to the peninsula, for both passenger and trade traffic. At present there are two daily passenger trains, one each way, and five freight trains, employing three hundred men. Connection is made at Matapedia with trains to and from

the east and west. For the comfort of passengers a parlour-car is in use during the summer. The officials and employees, from the General Manager down, all vie in courteous attention to those who patronise the road.

The isolation of the Gaspé country is over, and if Gaspé Basin should in time become an ocean port, what may not the future hold in store for this rock-bound and hitherto isolated peninsula? Her undeveloped mineral wealth, the products of land and water, the increased advantages and facilities for tourist travel, will make it possible for this section of Eastern Quebec to yield her resources, as well as receive more readily the trade of the outer world.

No small factor in the advancement of this peninsula is the Bonaventure and Gaspé Telephone Company, organized in 1907, with head office at New Carlisle and operating office at Paspebiac. Under the able and obliging management of Mr. M. O'C. Harris, recently resigned, the business has steadily increased, until at this date nearly one thousand telephone boxes extend from Gaspé to Matapedia. Through the twelve centrals an excellent service is rendered to the public. Much satisfaction has been expressed at the appointment of Mr. James Henderson to the office of manager.

The further advancement of Gaspé and Bonaventure is dear to the heart of the Legislative Councillor for this division, of which this great district is a part.

On February 12th, 1918 Hon. Frank Carrel received his appointment to the Gulf Division, succeeding Hon. R. Turner, a brother of whom

was an uncle of Mr. Carrel. He is a descendant of the old Huguenots, his grandfather coming to Canada from Jersey. Mr. Carrel is the son of the late James Carrel, who was proprietor of the Quebec Daily Telegraph, which he started in 1874. At the early age of fourteen the boy entered the employ of the Telegraph, and when only nineteen years of age, on the sudden death of his father, succeeded him as proprietor, and Editor-in-Chief.

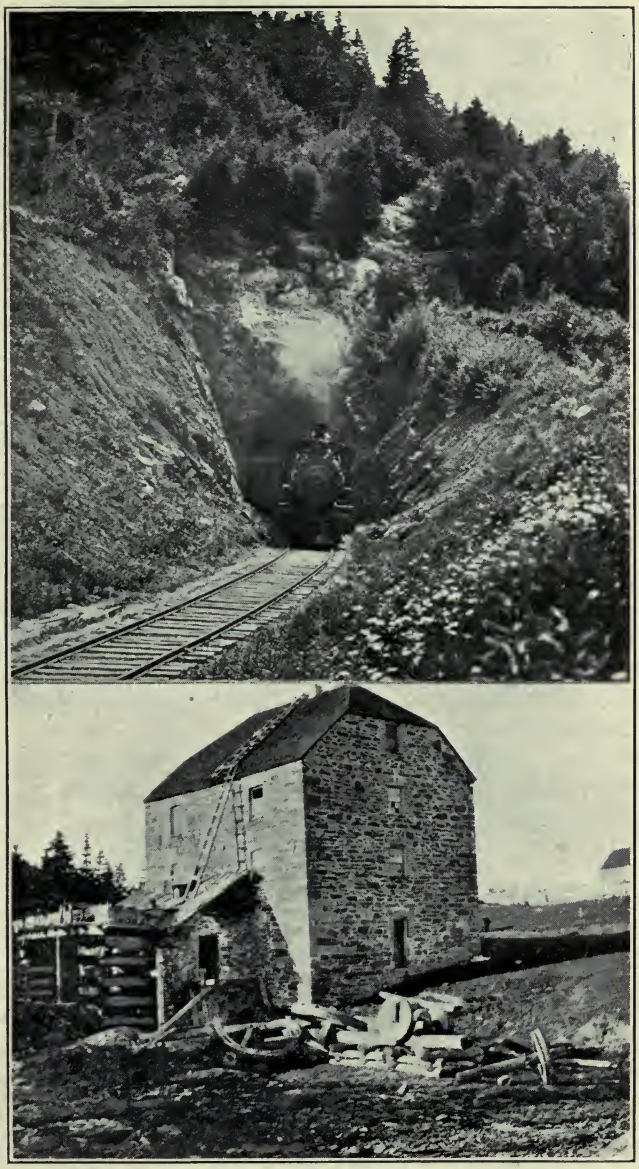
The wonderful success, which has attended his efforts gives the Telegraph a high place among Canadian journals. In addition to Mr. Carrel's wise and judicious editorial policy, he is characterized by indomitable energy and optimism: hence his success.

The Telegraph building is considered one of the best planned printing establishments in North America.

Mr. Carrel has always been most loyal to his native city, and has striven in every way to advance its interests. The high esteem in which he is held by his fellow-citizens is evidenced by the large number of Companies, Associations and Clubs, of which he is a director or member.

A journalist by profession, Mr. Carrel is a lover and writer of books, having written several interesting books, among which are "Tips", "Canada's West and Farther West", "Around the world Cruise", "Impressions of the War", etc. The degree of L.L.D. was conferred in October, 1919, upon Hon. Mr. Carrel by Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., in recognition and appreciation of his public and literary work.

For many years, but more particularly during



1. PORT DANIEL TUNNEL.—Showing train.
2. DAY'S MILL.—Bonaventure.

the last three years of the war, Hon. Mr. Carrel has taken a very deep interest in the development of the fishing industry of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Gaspé coast, being convinced that there is a great future for this country in a further development of the harvests of its waters. Then shall the Counties of Gaspé and Bonaventure come into their own.

Mr. Carrel is also a most enthusiastic supporter of good roads, and certainly this district will not be overlooked. Even the long disused Kempt Road is likely to be again repaired, thus making a short route from Quebec to the Gaspé District. Mr. Carrel has striven to bring this part of Canada to the attention of the Federal Government, and in this effort he has been successful, as the coming years will assuredly prove.

Among the early settlements on the Baie des Chaleurs was Bonaventure, forty miles from the mouth of the bay. Acadian refugees established a flourishing settlement at this place, which was named after, either the French governor of the island of St. John or a Recollet missionary of Acadie. With the advent, however, of Captain Byron in 1760, disaster overtook the settlement. Byron determined to make a clean sweep of all that came in his way and the few Acadian refugees at Carleton alone escaped. Later, when peace was declared the stricken people returned, and increased by other settlers, set to work to rebuild their ruined homes, secure under the flag of the conqueror.

The Bonaventure River, flowing into the bay, is about 114 miles in length. The main river is

augmented by numerous branches on both sides. Five miles from the mouth on the east is Hall's River. So high are the banks on this stream that in many places it is difficult to break the landings, as lumber pitching over headlong is in danger of being smashed. Six miles farther is Duval. The rapids near the mouth are extremely dangerous in time of freshet. The river is unnavigable for either canoe or boat, but large quantities of lumber are carried down its turbulent waters. Between Hall and Duval there are miles of level plateau, and far below the rapid river rushes on. In many places the bed of the Duval resembles a canyon; fully 150 feet on each side the iron-bound cliffs rise precipitously from the water's edge. Should a jam occur when river driving, the men are lowered from the top by ropes, which are sometimes stretched from one bank to the other. The main river flows from the north-west, averaging fully 150-yards in width. For many miles in various places, the river flows between high mountains, and in some places the banks rise perpendicularly to the height of 500 feet. At other places rich flats are found.

Fifty-two miles up there is a jam across the river, reaching from one side to the other, at least 350 yards in extent. To the uninitiated, the river seems to have reached its source: all trace of the stream having vanished. Travellers, beyond this point are compelled to carry their canoes and luggage over the portage, whereon trees and shrubs are found. At various places there are "back runs" of water, where the river pushes its way along, always bringing earth, uprooted trees

and other debris, which add to the strength and size of the jam. Four miles up, across one of the "back runs" is the remains of an old mill dam, which ante-dates the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Old settlers claim that a number of years ago, there were traces to show that the dam crossed the main river also. No doubt these are relics of old French life.

The Bonaventure is a salmon river with several good pools. A fishing club has its preserves on this river.

The splendid new bridge near the mouth of the river was finished several years ago, at a cost of $15,000. One-half of the money was raised by the Provincial Government, through the efforts of Mr. Kelly, at that time M.P.P. for the County.

The big mill of Edwards and Maclean is at the village, and has a large output of lumber and shingles.

No description of Bonaventure would be complete which omitted "Day's Mill". The grist mill is one of the old landmarks of the Baie des Chaleurs. Built in 1827, it was the first flour mill in the District of Gaspé. The stone mill was seventy days in erection, at a cost of £2,000—the machinery alone cost £1000 sterling. The mill remains a monument to the mason—strong and enduring. The situation is exceedingly picturesque. The roller-mill was unknown, undreamed of by the pioneers of this district. To the "stone-mill", for many miles up and down the coast came the farmers with their grist. The pioneers have passed across another bourne; new houses, inhabitants and opportunities have sup-

planted the old, but unchanged the great wheel revolves beneath the restless waters of the picturesque brook.

Nearly thirty years ago, an attempt was made to settle the country to the rear of Caplin with Flemish emigrants, but although twenty families arrived, nearly all in a short time went elsewhere, and the settlement became French-Canadian.

The large, prosperous municipality of New Richmond adjoins Caplin. The eastern part is Black Cape, an undulating country with a splendid outlook on the bay, which at this place is twenty-five miles wide. Apples grow well in Black Cape. Occasionally seals find their way to Seal Rock, to the advantage of some gunner. The name is very applicable as the banks are high and rocky. The cliffs along the shore range in height from sixty to seventy-five feet for a distance of four miles. There are only three ravines, where roads to the shore are practicable. The shore is very interesting and instructive; in many places the waves have worn caves and openings in the face of the rock, which is fully 75 feet high where the railway runs along the bank. Dr. Clarke of Albany, so well known along the coast has visited Black Cape in the course of his travels, and was followed in the study of these rocks by Mr. Hardangle. A large quantity of specimens has been sent abroad. Here is a rich field for the geologist.

Several years ago, a special train of nine cars brought a delegation of geologists from the World's Convention in Chicago to visit the coast of the Baie des Chaleurs, and, several hours were spent on Howatson's Beach.

The MacNairs and Johnstons were among the pioneers, and they engaged in lumbering. In due time came Campbell, Powell, and Pritchard. The last named was a U. E. Loyalist army-officer.

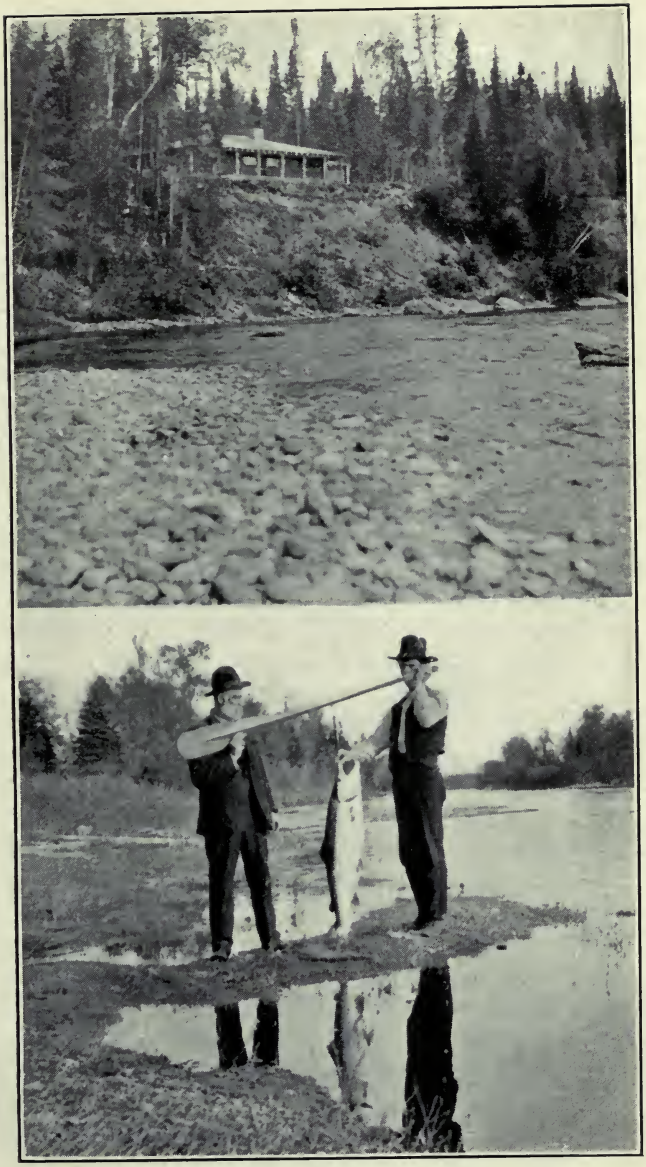
The Little Cascapedia River separates Black Cape from New Richmond, which is bounded on the west by the Grand Cascapedia. This river abounds in trout, and also salmon. It flows southward and south for eighty miles, with an average width of 250-ft. "Cascapedia" is an Indian word, meaning "Wide River." It is written "Gesgapegiag" in the Indian language, while the correct English pronounciation is "Cascapecias." The first settlers to New Richmond were McLaren and McMartin, and later followed a number of French families, amongst whom were LeBlanc and Cormier. Still later came Robertson, Willett, Duthie and Doddridge. In time, William Cuthbert, a Scotchman began business in lumber, and his general store was for many years distinguished by the appellation of "the store." In the course of time the Messrs. R. H. Montgomery and Sons succeeded to the business, which is to-day one of the large lumbering firms of Gaspesia, giving employment to a large number of men during the entire year.

The memory of the late Dr. Thornton is still green in the hearts of the people of New Richmond. He was the grand-son of the late William Cuthbert, and died from injuries received in his burning house. The doctor gave willingly and often freely of his time and skill in the alleviation of suffering in the country to which his grandfather had come in pioneer days.

The mountain range runs so far inland that a fine agricultural country is the result, being one of the finest farming districts of the Baie des Chaleurs; the well cultivated farms and comfortable homes testifying to the fertility of the soil and the industry of the inhabitants. Good roads intersect the country for many miles. The interior is being gradually cleared, parts of the eighth concession having been put under the plow.

The rich crops raised in New Richmond are the result of the fertiliser which the farmers use upon their land, a considerable part of which is found in Goose Lake. This piece of water, a mile long by three-quarters wide at its widest part is between the two rivers, and three miles from the seashore. As it intersects several farms it belongs to the proprietors. It received its name from the large numbers of wild geese which years ago, being frightened by persistent gunners or heavy gales of wind, sought refuge in this lake in the woods. However, even in this secluded spot danger lurked; it being no uncommon occurrence to see the farmers slip back quietly and return, each laden with five or six of these coveted birds. One day old Narcisse LeBlanc carried home a basket of mud and sprinkled it in a corner of a field. So marked was the difference in the growth, that the following year the old man used more. Gradually the neighbours found it out and followed his example.

In his broken English, Narcisse gave rather obscure directions relating to its use. Said he, "When you want to put that on your land, spread it so thin you can't put it." So easily was the



SCENES ON THE GRAND CASCAPEDIA RIVER.

mud obtained that a man told me he often threw up with his shovel, as many as fifty sleighloads in a day. After a time this became dangerous, and when several persons narrowly escaped drowning, it became necessary to find some other method. Before long a digger was obtained. This is a simple machine, consisting of an upright frame with an arm. Behind this is a capstan; a chain is attached from one to the other and wound up by a horse, making from three to six revolutions, according to the depth of the water. A hole is cut in the ice, 15-ft. long by 6-ft. wide. The shovel is large enough to hold a barrel of mud. Its wooden handle is twenty feet long. To a ring in this handle the chain is fastened. Two men guide the shovel, while a small boy attends the horse. The capstan does its work and ere long up comes the shovel of mud and is guided to one side by the arm. The horse stops, the shovel is tipped, and the action repeated till the required quantity is "lifted." Forty dollars at the outside is the value of the outfit.

In these days the farmers use from twenty-five to three hundred loads upon their farms. A freshly lifted load will weigh 1200-lbs. The mud spreads satisfactorily with the manure-spreader and appears to be adapted to the soil of New Richmond. A number of years ago a movement was on foot to use this mud in the manufacture of cement, but hitherto nothing has been done in that direction. Year after year the farmers spread this valuable manure upon their land, reaping the rich crops which make this locality known as one of the best farming sections.

Sea-weed is also extensively used in Black Cape.

A mile north of Goose Lake is Harriman's Lake, a very beautiful sheet of water, a mile long by a mile wide and said to be bottomless, as a line three hundred feet long failed to find bottom. Trout are plentiful. On the north and east side are beautiful beaches to which moose come from over the mountain to drink. The lake is the property of Alfred Gilker: partly by purchase, partly by lease.

Much interest is taken in the improvement of stock, and many of the farmers are justly proud of their registered animals. In New Richmond, as in many parishes of the county, a goodly sized butter factory is found, and so a market is assured with very little trouble. Before the war considerable interest was taken in the driving-park, erected in the centre of New Richmond.

To return to the Grand Cascapedia: the scenery is very fine, in places wild and picturesque, as at "Jack, the Sailor" thirteen miles up. Here the stream narrows to a hundred feet. The banks, particularly on the east, are high and "iron-bound" to use the vernacular expression.

There are several islands of different sizes; one is four miles long and is partly cultivated.

Grand Cascapedia is a wonderful river, being a fertile field for the angler. The fishing pools are numerous where the disciples of Izaak Walton enjoy the pleasure of landing salmon, than which are none finer in the world, For eleven miles the river is leased by the owners to fishermen for a rental, agreed upon between the contracting parties; the amounts ranging from $15.00 to

$2,000.00. Above that, it is leased by the Government for a rental of $12,000 for a term of ten years. In addition to individual cottages, the Cascapedia Salmon Club has headquarters on the river. During June, while the salmon catch is on, it is no uncommon occurrence to see twenty-five or thirty canoes upon the river at once, each manned by two men known as "polers" and one fisherman with hook and line, intent upon capturing the coveted salmon for which Grand Cascapedia is famous.

On an average, each fisherman will catch in a day as many as six salmon—eight being the maximun allowed by the menbers of the Club in their waters. The largest salmon ever captured on the Grand Cascapedia was taken by R. G. Dunn, on June 29th, 1886, and weighed 54-lbs, measuring 4½-feet in length and 28 inches girth; the tail alone having a spread of 14-in.

Lord Dufferin had the privilege of fishing the river; this lease he bestowed upon the Marquis of Lorne, who in turn was succeeded by Lord Lansdowne and Stanley. Lord Lorne did much to publish the wonderful fishing facilities of the Grand Cascapedia. During his stay in Canada, he and Princess Louise remained for a time at Lorne Cottage, which he built upon the west side of the river and afterwards owned by Mr. Barnes of Boston.

A man, who had been employed upon the river showed me with a gread deal of satisfaction a little lantern, which had once belonged to H.R.H. the Marchioness of Lorne. It happened that his wife

was baptised "Louise," in honour of the Princess, the day the latter arrived in New Richmond.

An incident of the Duke's stay on the Grand Cascapedia may not be uninteresting at this point. An old man, who had been in the employ of the Marquis of Lorne (as he was then known) on the river, told me, laughing heartily the while, of a practical joke played by the river-men upon one of the servants of the Vice-Royal party. This man, had somehow aroused the dislike of the polers, telling them frequently that they did not know how to use a gun. As most, if not all of them were expert gunners, they naturally resented his remark.

Behind the cook-house, a deep hole had been dug, into which the refuse food was thrown. The first step in the plot was to make marks resembling the track of a bear in the soft earth around the hole;this being easily done with their hands. Next the story was circulated that a bear had been prowling around, and the tracks were corroborative. A bag of straw covered with a rubber sheet made a convenient bear. To this a rope was attached, and with a little planning so arranged, that when a rope was pulled, Bruin travelled as desired. The alarm being given that a bear was behind the hut, the cook and the victim of the joke rushed forth, armed with guns, and soon the poor bear had received the contents of their fire-arms.

Hearing the sound of the firing the Governor and the Princess enquired the cause. Being told that a bear was around, the Duke asked where they had seen him. "There, my Lord, there!" was the eager reply. Obtaining a light he set out to investigate, but one of the men overcome by

SCENES ON THE GRAND CASCAPEDIA RIVER.

his sense of humour smothered a laugh. The Duke heard him. "Ah"! He exclaimed, "I thought so" !

One day, the following year, the Duke was fishing down stream, and looking up river, the poler saw a bear swimming across. He told the Duke, who however made no reply. No doubt he remembered the bear of the preceding year, for he never turned his head. Ere long the animal carried down by the current came in view. "It is a bear, this time," observed the Duke, as bruin reached the opposite shore.

The salmon spawn during the latter part of October and first of November. Some think they spawn six or seven miles above the mouth, but the general belief is that the spawning grounds are above the Middle Camp, on the main river and on Lake and Salmon Branches, as far as the lake on the former, and the falls on the latter.

A large number of trout are caught in July and August.

But there is another phase of life and industry on the Grand Cascapedia besides angling. Extensive lumbering operations are carried on by the old firm of Montgomery Sons, who have camps fully sixty miles up the river.

The scenery is very diversified. At "Jack the Sailor", as already remarked, the river is narrow with high rocky banks. At other places there are stretches of level country, subject at time to inundation: a dry loam, well wooded, with birch and maple, excellent for hay. Again at other places, the road has been cut out of the mountain side. Several streams have their sources near

each other. Salmon Branch cuts through by Mt. Logan, near the head waters of Cape Chatte.

Fifty-two miles up is Loon Lake, one of the most beautiful places on the Grand Cascapedia. The lake is three-quarters of a mile long, by half-a-mile wide. On the south side are low banks and a beautiful sandy beach. On the north and west, the water is so deep that a motor boat could come close to the shore. The south-east end of the lake is a marsh. A mile away are the mountains, rising gradually till they attain 1400 feet above sea level. From the foot-hills, south of the lake the view is beautiful, well repaying the traveller the journey. Beyond, east of Salmon Branch are Mt. Logan, Squaw's Cap and Mt. Albert and the range dividing the waters of the Cape Chatte, Matane and Grand Cascapedia.

Forty-four miles up the river divides into two branches: Lake and Salmon Branches. Into the former flows Miner's Brook; said to have received its name from miners who came through from the St. Lawrence, making bark canoes and paddling down. One of the Company was the geologist, Sir William Logan.

The Shick-Shock Mountains are within easy reach of Salmon Branch. On the east side of Salmon Branch the mountain, known as Squaw's Cap is a guide to travellers, as it is mid-way between the stream and the Shick Shock range. With a competent guide the trail is not too difficult. About thirty-five years ago that veteran pilot of the woods, hunter and trapper, the late Benjamin V. Willett with another man, "blazed a trail." With the lapse of years it has become

some what obliterated, being thickly covered with underbrush. Windfalls also cover the trail for many rods at a time.

On reaching Mt. Logan, it was found to be clothed for a short distance with scrubby black spruce; above that the mountains are bare rock. Still the ascent is not difficult. The top is a plateau, with occasional patches of moss and small ponds of water. In August and September, large numbers of caribou are found upon the top of the mountain,having climbed to the higher regions to escape the flies of the lowlands. Farther north are ravines containing snow the year round. Mt. Logan, 3,767 feet high, commands a magnificent view; on a clear day vessels are quite visible on the St. Lawrence.

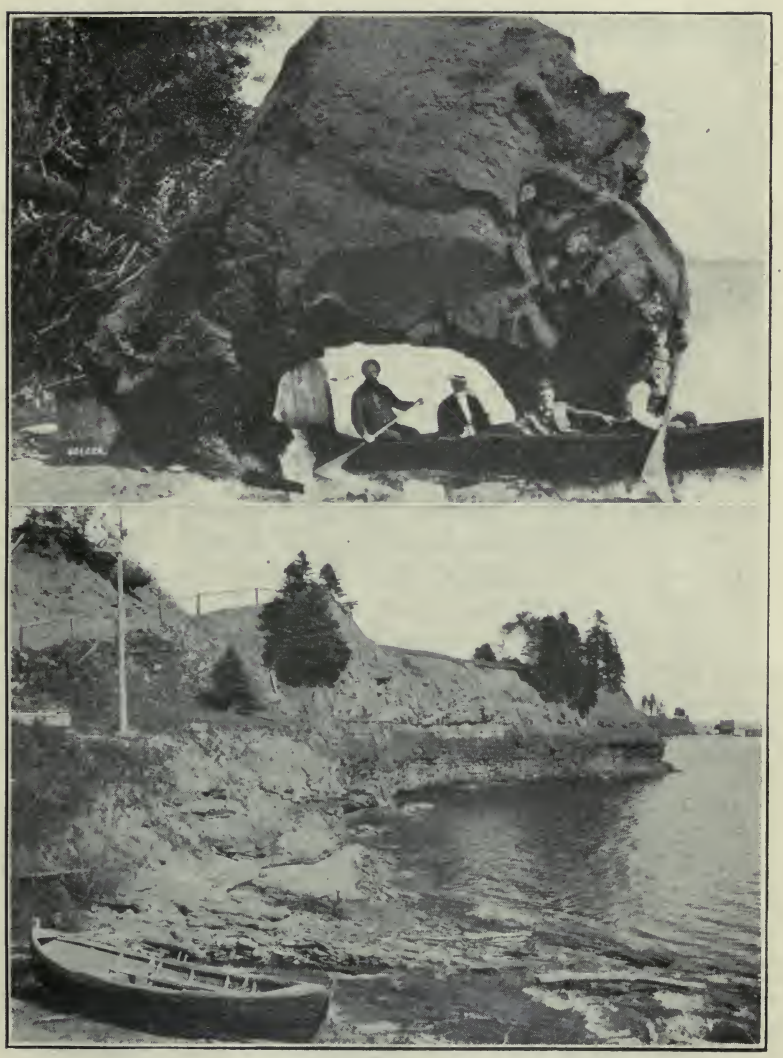
Standing at the base of the mountain, the old Indian legend comes to remembrance. The tale runs, that old Jerome hunting in the vicinity of the mountains with his line of traps was close to the foot of the hills. He had camped in one of the deep gulches, near the mountains. His fire burned low; the night was dark; he had fallen asleep. On awaking, he saw to his surprise and horror the face of the mountain illuminated as by innumerable candles. He reported that gold and diamonds were to be found in the mountains. However no one has been able to locate them!

Although Grand Cascapedia is dangerous to navigate on account of its many rapids, the river men are so expert with scows and canoes, that they can run the stream in almost any condition. Notwithstanding this, the river has been the scene of two sad drowning accidents.

At Jack the Sailor, the river running rapidly in a narrowed stream strikes a reef of rock, and turning around forms two currents. Here are a rapid, a whirlpool and deep water. A number of river-drivers endeavoring one morning to cross the river near this place were over-turned. Two of them succeeded in climbing upon the upturned boat, while a third was marooned upon a rock. The remaining three had fallen into the whirlpool. One never reappeared; one was thrown up from the centre of the pool, his body from the waist being visible. One heart-rending, awful, agonizing death-cry reverberated over the cruel river. A moment he appeared suspended, then he was swallowed up in the greedy water. The last man threw up his arms, as though seeking some straw at which to clutch; he too sank.

Some years later an unprecedented freshet came on. Having unloaded the scows, the men undertook to run them down river. In the attempt two were drowned, and the other four after great hazard were saved.

In 1895-96, when Messrs. Montgomery began operations on the Grand Cascapedia, they brought their horses down on the ice—the only road. To-day the Grand Cascapedia road is passable for wheels for fifty-two miles. The road was built by the Fishing Club in 1914 because the lumbering operations were interfering with the salmon, and this was the only solution. In two months, a road averaging a width of twenty feet was completed. The first load taken up weighed a ton, so it is unnecessary to say what kind of work was done. Hopes are high that this road will in



1. FOSSIL COVE—Near Inch Aran, Dalhousie, N. B.
2. A SCENE IN SHIGAWAKE, P. Q.

the near future be made passable for automobile traffic.

Among the foot hills of the Shick-Shocks, eight miles south-east of Mt. Logan, is New Richmond mine where lead, zinc and silver are being mined in apparently paying quantities. The story of the "find" is of interest and is as follows—

Sixteen years ago, while the Montgomery lumber drive was on its way down Berry Mt. Brook several men, among others George Fallow and Ernest Barter found a rock on the bank of the brook. They broke it up, and finding it heavy, brought it down and sent it away to be assayed. The verdict was that it was valuable, if in paying quantities. Time passed, and it was eight years before a mining party was organized with twenty shares. They set out for Mt. Logan, led by Ernest Barter and Paul Bois; but failing to locate any mineral there, they came out tired and discouraged, and reached the mouth of Brandy Brook. Calling to mind the discovery of eight years previous, Barter went to the place, locating it, where the mine is now.

The New Richmond Mining Co. spent nearly $4,000 prospecting. Four engineers having reported on it, the Peter Lyall & Sons of Montreal, took hold of it, with a view to developing the resources.

Lead and zinc are the principal minerals. One piece of what seemed to be pure lead, the size of a water pail, was found requiring two men to carry it from the mouth of the shaft. Two seven-ton boilers, three engines, one air-compressor, two air-tanks, besides other small machinery have

been conveyed to the mine. It took a month to transport the boilers from Grand Cascapedia Station to the mine, employing fifty men and forty horses to repair the roads and transport the machinery. The hauling of this massive machinery was a great undertaking, but it was successfully accomplished. In places the work required great caution: such as side cuts with a perpendicular descent to the river. Turning to the mine the way led up a gulch for eight miles, rising 410-ft. in three-quarters of a mile. From the forks (ten miles) the height of land increased to 800-feet.

But the men in charge knew every foot of the way and were expert teamsters. They tramped the snow at the side, skidded the turns, braced the bridges. On one occasion they had to make the turn with blocks and tackle fastened to trees: the right tree being not always available. Occasionally it gave way, jeopardizing men and horses. At other times the snow could not bear up the weight. At last, however, all the turns and cuts were safely passed and the machinery deposited fifty miles from the Grand Cascapedia Station at New Richmond Mine.

Already a shaft of 110-ft. has been sunk and drifting has extended about 600 feet. The wages are good, and people are beginning to realize that the man was not so very far astray who, looking up the Grand Cascapedia remarked "Those mountains could never have been put there for nothing."

Concerning shipping opportunities: as said elsewhere the proposed short line to Gaspé has thirty-six miles completed to Matane, and the last

survey followed the Matane River, striking Miner Brook, passing down this stream and through Berry Mountain valley, crossing within six miles of the mine. Or automobile trucks could be used on the Grand Cascapedia Road, connecting with the Quebec, Oriental Railway to Matapedia, a road in good working order, and well equipped for the work.

New Richmond Mine is but the earnest of great things in store for Gaspésia, when the mineral wealth she has in store shall no longer be locked up, unknown and unused but made available for man's need and man's prosperity.

Two ways to cross the river are provided; by the iron bridge of the railway, four miles up, built for trains above, for foot and horse passengers below. The other way is to cross by the ferry near the mouth of the river. A scow conveys horses and vehicles, being in later days propelled by a gasoline launch. For long years Grand Cascapedia ferry has been crossed in all kinds of weather with scow and poles, punt and oars.

West of the river is Maria, a large and populous township, named in honour of Lady Maria Dorchester.

The only flour mill of the roller process in Gaspé Peninsula is on the river side, known as Beaver Dam Mills.

A section of land has been set apart as an Indian Reservation. The first settler was a Canadian, who was ere long joined by others and also a few Acadians. To-day Maria is a most thriving settlement, being settled to the fourth range. A beautiful beach, directly on the bay, adds to the

charm of Maria and it too has been discovered by the tourist. Among the many well-known families may be mentioned William Clapperton, ex M.P.P., the families of the late James Mill, Guite Brothers, Cyr and Bijold.

Half a mile or so off the main road are the Gagné Mills—flour, saw, shingle, planing and wool-carding mills. The latter deserves mention, being one of two in the whole Gaspé Peninsula; the other one is at Caplin. This Maria mill is up to date in every particular. Nearly forty years ago the proprietor came from the townships. The carding mill consists of three mills: the picking mill, the flake and the finished rolls. The wool is passed twice through the picking mill. Mr. Gagné's customers extend from Griffin Cove and Fox River,and along New Brunswick to Jacquet River. An average season's output is 15,500 pounds. Everything is worked by water power.

In the early seventies the exportation of herring to the United States was a lucrative business but was finally given up, when for certain reasons it ceased to be a paying investment.

Of course here, as along all the District of Gaspé, lumbering has been and still is extensively carried on. Agriculture is the chief occupation of the people, large crops being raised—with potatoes a specialty. Much attention is also given to the raising of certified stock and a large, lucrative butter factory is in operation during summer. Great interest is being taken in poultry and a beginning has been made in bee-keeping.

Less than a score of years ago, Maria had a great surprise when the people saw, half a mile

CARLETON.—View of the West Shore.

from the shore what appeared to be the hull of a vessel. Two men in a flat set out and the mystery resolved itself into a stranded whale. Although it made considerable noise with its tail, it was evidently sick—its foreparts on the sand. The men were inexperienced but they meant to have that whale. They stuck poles into its nostrils, from which the blood flowed freely. In time the huge carcass lay motionless. It was no child's job to drag it ashore, but this too was accomplished. The mammal measured 69-ft. in length, 22-ft. in depth and 21-ft. from its eyes to the point of its nose. The tail had a spread of 18-feet.

When too late, the owners realized that it would have paid them to have brought an experienced whaler from Gaspé. Once ashore the work of cutting up the blubber began. This derelict of the sea was a rich find, for it was a sperm-oil whale that had drifted to Maria shore. From its head alone 283 gallons of oil was saved and nearly as much more was lost. Over 2,000 gallons of oil were realized, netting the sum of five hundred dollars. "Not bad for three weeks' work" one of the men observed to me. The jaw-bones and joints of the back-bone are still preserved, as souvenirs of the only whale that ever found its way into the Bay des Chaleurs.

Adjoining Maria is beautiful Carleton, named in honour of Sir Guy Carleton. Among the dispersed Acadians were ten families, who succeeded in reaching New Mills and other points on the south side of Baie des Chaleurs. They suffered dreadful privations, being nearly starved to death. The following year they crossed to

what is now Carleton: then known as Tracadièche and sought refuge at the barachois. The barachois is formed by a sand bar nearly two miles long, joined to the mainland at the east, at the foot of a cape which extends a mile into the bay, and at the west by another sand bar.

Behind Carleton are the lofty Tracadièche Mountains. One version pronounces it an Indian name having reference to the herons, which were once numerous. Another explanation is "little Tracadie."

Down the mountain sides are great slides, caused by the wood which has been pitched from the top; the ascent being too steep to permit ordinary methods of drawing, although behind the mountain there is a road. From the bay, Carleton has the appearance of a large garden, with its beautiful green fields, the farms divided and sub-divided.

Carleton is a delightful summer resort, its lovely beaches affording good bathing. Sportsmen find the wild fowl along its shores a great attraction. Among others is the cottage of the Hon. Charles Marcil, who for many years has been the honoured representative of the county in Federal politics. Mr. Marcil is much attached to his county. There are also such well-known names as Cullen, Verge, Allard and Bijold.

The Nouvelle River, some miles beyond, is famed for its trout and the wide flats yield a rich return to the agriculturist.

Maguasha, (Red Bank) with its high headland, is directly opposite Dalhousie and the head of Baie des Chaleurs. Here the Restigouche empties

its waters into the bay. The width is no more than three miles.

At this place in 1816 settled Dr. Charles LaBillois, a native of Brittany in France, and one of Napoleon Bonaparte's surgeons. He married the sister of the late Mr. John Meagher, who was one of the representatives of County Bonaventure before Confederation. Dr. LaBillois led a busy life. In addition to the practice of his profession, which led him far and near, he engaged in farming and salmon-fishing.

During the years 1849 and 1850, Dr. LaBillois, at the request of the New Brunswick Government took charge of the Lazaretto at Tracadie.

Of the ten children of this family only one—J. Alexander LaBillois—survives. In his eighty-third year he still lives at the old home in Maguasha, esteemed by all. There are however a large number of descendants, and one in particular has occupied many influential offices under the New Brunswich Government, but of this anon.

Another old family of Maguasha was that of the late Archibald McEwen, a brother-in-law of the late Hon. William Hamilton of Dalhousie.

The old McEwen homestead, with its stalwart sons and winsome daughters was held in high repute by many in the two provinces. The shortest route to Dalhousie in winter, from points along the Baie des Chaleurs was by way of Maguasha, and who has not been welcomed, warmed and fed, and sent on his way happier because of the hospitality of this old Scotch family?

To-day all is changed. The old homestead is

in other hands, and the family have gone elsewhere, but not soon will the McEwens be forgotten on either side of the Baie des Chaleurs.

Somewhat rocky and undulating is Shoolbred, next on the line of march. Escuminac has a beautiful level tract of good, arable land, an ideal spot on a summer day. The little church—a pioneer in this section—and Presbyterian cemetery, with the school house at hand are on the river bank. "The land is held in the French form, known as Seigniory land, rented for 99 years, 999 years or as long as grass grows and water runs", at an average rental of $10.00 per year for each farm. Many of the settlers prefer the freehold tenure and purchase in their own name. The mountains are unfit for cultivation, save on the more gentle slopes. They are much broken by deep, rolling glens through which flow brooks where trout abound. There is one hill higher than the others, known as the Glen Mountain, rising 1,750 feet above the sea level and affording an excellent point of observation. These mountains and the glens are the homes of herds of moose and caribou and many fur bearing animals. On the river in spring and autumn come large flocks of wild geese, brant and black duck, whose lives are in constant jeopardy from the guns of the sportsmen.

The valley, which is known pre-eminently as the "Glen" is a stretch of country surrounded by high mountains. A mile and a-half from the clearing is the beautiful Glen Lake, half a mile by one-quarter wide. The clear, deep water abounds

in fine trout. A source of wonder and interest is the old beaver dam.

Near this lovely spot the Evangelist, Rev. G. S. K. Anderson has built a bungalow. In this secluded, restful spot he can recruit from his strenuous labors in the work of the Lord.

A man well known in Co. Bonaventure, related to the writer the following amusing incident:

"When I lived in the Glen, one evening in the fall I went out to the shore with my horse and cart. When returning it was after night, although not very dark. I had a gun with me, and as my horse walked along the long glen road, I heard a sound up on the side of the mountain resembling a human cry. Immediately I thought of a catamount, and having heard that if the cry is answered, the animal will follow the answering sound, I imitated the creature. Soon came a reply, nearer than at first. The beast and I kept it up, the distance always decreasing between us. Ever and anon that weird scream with the human imitation sounded on the still, autumn air. Evidently the animal was hurrying down the mountain side. Nearer and nearer it came, making its way over dry branches and fallen leaves, as it hastened towards me. Presently I saw it on the road before me. Apparently puzzled, it paused in the middle of the path, its dark form silhouetted against a background of trees which grew close to the narrow road. Standing up, I took aim, fired and the animal fell. So anxious was I to see my prize that I jumped out of the cart. Quick as thought the animal sprang at my face. There was no time either to aim or

shoot. As he came towards me I struck him with my gun and he fell dead at my feet, but I had struck so forcibly, that my gun was smashed in the encounter. Carefully I proceeded to investigate; I did not intend to lose that catamount after all that effort. Satisfied that he was really 'out of the game' I picked up—A RED FOX! What had happened? Where was the catamount? "That's what I have never been able to find out."

The drive along the river side is one of continual loveliness. The river here resembles a beautiful lake-expansion, which extends nearly eight miles to Pointe à la Garde.

The country still retains its beauty but few of the old residents remain—having served their day and generation, these tried friends of earlier days have passed beyond, and their bodies rest in the little Presbyterian cemetery on the river-side. Beyond are Oak Bay and River du Loup, with their wide marshes. It is said that indications remains of dykes, which had been built in long ago by the first settlers.

Next in importance is Cross Point, where the steam-ferry crosses at regular intervals to Campbellton. In the olden days this crossing was laboriously effected by oars, but later days have brought an easier and quicker mode of transportation. A most satisfactory service to the public is rendered.

On the beautiful bank of the Restigouche, most pleasantly situated at this place is the Fraser Estate. This property was first settled in 1787 by Colonel Edward I. Mann, U. E. Loyalist from Massachusetts. Later it was occupied by a Colonel

SCENE ON THE RESTIGOUCHE RIVER.

Crawford, and after him by Robert Christie, historian and representative in the House of Assembly for the District of Gaspé, and finally in 1843 it became the property of John Fraser, Esq.

This Mr. Fraser was a great man: a prominent man in the history of the Baie des Chaleurs and Restigouche district. Many of the benefits and privileges now enjoyed by the people of to-day, in this part of the country were obtained through his influence and energy. So notable a figure as Mr. Fraser is well worthy of special mention, and a short sketch of his career will be of great interest to many who still remember him in old age.

Mr. Fraser was born at Inverness, Scotland, and at an early age sought his fortune in the new country of New Brunswick. He settled at Bathurst, where he engaged in general business. In 1837 he married Elizabeth, daughter of the late Robert Ferguson, Esq., of Athol House (near Campbellton). In 1830 he received his appointment from Lloyds Head Office, London, England, as their agent and adjuster for the Baie des Chaleurs, and as such salvaged and supervised the sale of the cargo of the "Colbourne", wrecked at Harrington Cove, in the Baie des Chaleurs in 1838.

In 1843 Mr. Fraser removed to Cross Point (Pointe à la Croix). He held many public offices, such as:

Clerk of the Circuit Court from 1844 to 1860. In 1846 he received from the Colonial Office, Downing St., London, his appointment as Postmaster of Cross Point, which office he held till 1893. He was appointed Collector of Customs at New Carlisle in 1847 and Collector of Inland

Revenue in 1855, holding both offices till 1873. He was Mayor of the Township of Mann from 1862 to 1893, and during the greater part of that time served as Warden of the County of Bonaventure, as well as holding the office of Justice of the Peace for many years in the District of Gaspé.

Mr. Fraser was a true public servant, ever faithful and efficient in the discharge of his many and varied duties. He was moreover a true patriot, being most loyal to the country of his adoption. He died at Cross Point in September, 1893, at the advanced age of ninety-four years, leaving behind him the example of a well-spent, active and patriotic life. Three sons and one daughter, Mrs. John J. Jellett survive him.

Above Cross Point is the large Indian Reservation, where are a monastery and church. Three or four hundred families are looked after by the Capuchin Fathers, who publish a newspaper in the Milicete language, the only one of its kind in the world.

The Restigouche River forms part of the boundary, between Northern New Brunswick and the Province of Quebec and is a beautiful stream, dotted with islands of various sizes. It flows two hundred miles to the Baie des Chaleurs. The scenery is exceedingly picturesque, and has been compared to that of the Hudson, and its waters are famed for the quantity and quality of their salmon, of which more later; while the luxuriant forests which extend from its banks support large lumbering interests.

The noble Restigouche is also rich in historic lore, being the scene of the last naval battle

between the English and French in America. This quiet, sequestered corner of Eastern Quebec witnessed the last throe in the struggle known as the "Seven Years' War."

Situated on the bank of the Restigouche above Athol, but on the opposite side of the river was the Acadian village of Petite Rochelle, founded in 1638 by Jean Jacques Enaud, and at the time of the war comprising some two hundred houses, under the protection of the Fort of Bordeaux.

The war was drawing to a close: Quebec had capitulated, although at Montreal, De Vaudreuil still held out. The Court of France, anxious to relieve his position, sent out a number of store ships in the spring of 1760, under command of Captain Bourdon, hoping to elude the watchful eye of the sentinel of the Citadel. However, word of the fleet was brought to Captain Byron, senior officer at Louisburg, and with five ships, viz.: the "Fame", "Achilles", "Dorsetshire", "Scarborough" and "Repulse" he set off in pursuit, overtaking the French near Gaspé, who essayed to escape up the Baie des Chaleurs. Overtaking and sinking one of the French ships, "La Catarina" in Gaspé and another near Caraquet, Byron followed the flying foe, who were pushing on to reach the protection of the forts which guarded the Restigouche River at Pointe à la Garde, Battery, and farther up at Bordeaux. Byron experienced great difficulty in his pursuit; his vessels ran aground, and had to be dragged off the mud flats in which the north side of the river abounds, by the men in boats, using warps. Again and again this was repeated, beneath a fire from the enemy's guns.

Reaching Pointe à la Garde, Byron made short work of the fortifications. Both it and Battery (near by) were so poorly defended that they were soon silenced, and the French ships pushed on, realizing that the last stand must be at La Petite Rochelle. In the Basin of the Restigouche, between Athol, (N. B.) and Pointe à Bordeaux (P. Q.), the naval engagement took place on July 8th, 1760.

The French fleet consisted of the "Marchault" (32 guns) "L'Espérance" (30 guns) and "Bienfaisant" (22 guns), the "Marquis de Marloze" (18 guns) and 22 sloops and small privateers. The poor, discouraged French soldiers insufficiently fed on rotten horse flesh, had little heart to fight, and the result was not hard to determine.

A number of the French ships were sunk; one, the "Marchault", with thirty-two twelve-pounders blew up, and a large store ship shared the same fate. In all, twenty-two vessels were destroyed and as most of them had valuable cargoes, the loss was great. The French estimated their loss at 200,000 pounds, in addition to the battlement, which was entirely destroyed. The French loss of life, including Captain Bourdon, Commander of the Fleet, was thirty killed, while the English only lost four killed and nine or ten wounded. Sixty-two English prisoners were liberated from another store ship, which was then burned. To Byron's regret, he learned that six English prisoners perished with her. The village of two hundred houses was razed to the ground, and the inhabitants fled, a number taking to the woods. The remnant of the French fleet took refuge in flight, stealing

1. POINT A BORDEAUX.—Residence of T. R. Busteed, Esq.
2. A GASPE BAKE-OVEN.

past the English victors, only to fall into the hands of Captain Wallis at Port Daniel, who with five armed vessels, had been sent by Lord Colville, to perform the work just accomplished by Byron, and who sent despatches of the engagement by Wallis to the Governor. From the Canadian Archives may be obtained a copy of the report of the victorious commander, addressed to Lord Colville at Quebec, under date of July 14th 1760, on board the "Fame, Bay of Chaleurs". This report is well worth perusal, giving as it does, a detailed account of the Battle of the Restigouche.

The war was at an end: this final attempt of the French Court having ended disastrously, the reign of France in Canada was over. This battle of the Restigouche deserves mention—being the last blow struck between the contending nations in America. This is the strictly historical account. As may be supposed however, much of legend has become attached to this incident. Just where history ends and legend begins is not always easy to determine, as we of the present are so far removed from the events of that period.

One story more romantic than several others relates, that on board one of the French ships anchored at Cross Point was a young French girl, the daughter of one of the officers. Among the prisoners on board the same vessel was a young British sailor, between whom and the maiden a friendship sprang up, which ere long ripened into love. The sailor persuaded the girl to aid him to escape, and under cover of darkness she so managed that he slipped overboard. Once clear of the ship, he began the long swim of eight

miles, intervening between Cross Point and Byron's ship at Pointe à la Garde. Nearly exhausted, the young sailor was seen and taken aboard the English ship, where he divulged all that he had been able to ascertain concerning the condition and plans of his captors. A number of the soldiers, so the tale continues disembarked and led by a Micmac squaw marched across country to La Petite Rochelle, while the ships pushed up river to overtake the enemy; the engagement took place as history records, and upon the village from the rear descended the British soldiers. Between two fires what could the poor Acadians do? They fell before the victors and Petite Rochelle ceased to be. There can be no doubt whatever of the site of the little Acadian village, and the scene of the engagement is also a matter of certainty. The site of the French settlement is now known as Pointe à Bordeaux and Broadlands.

The Fort of Bordeaux was situated upon the property owned by T. R. Busteed, Esq. Indications point to the gate, as the probable position from which the garrison trained their guns upon the enemy, in the Basin beyond. Between the house and the highway are evidences of a depression, and for some distance along the highway are the remains of the fortifications.

Shortly after the conquest this property was occupied by a Frenchman—Jean Baptiste Marceau —but in 1784, Henry Rimphoff of Carleton came into possession, remaining till July 5th, 1800, when he sold to Thos Busteed, Esq. (great grandfather of the present owner) and the property has remained in the family ever since.

The old house, recently repaired is a veritable museum of relics of the French period. In one of the chimneys a cannon brought from Battery fortress has been placed to do duty as a "back log." Among the relics to be found in or about this interesting house are cannon balls, shells, implements, pieces of planking from the sunken ships (which till recently were visible near the mouth of Officers Brook at Battery.) The genial proprietor is delighted to point out these relics and the places of interest about his historic home, and also to relate interesting data concerning that period, which he is well able to do, having given the subject considerable study and being intensely interested in all that pertains to the early history. Even the remains of the old well in the rear of the fortifications are still pointed out. To-day, from its ruin grows an Evangeline willow, similar to those amidst which the house is situated.

Another interesting and picturesque spot, a short distance below Bordeaux is Officer's Brook, where tradition affirms the French Camp of the Restigouche was located.

Beyond, stretching towards Campbellton is the beautiful Restigouche; upon its shining placid waters extends the great Corporation boom, a change from that eventful day, more than a century and a half ago, when "it was determined that to the Anglo-Saxon race was committed the destinies of the new world."

As may be supposed, relic hunters often seek mementos from the site of the village, a few miles from Bordeaux. A man well known to the writer, related how half a century ago, he was plowing

one of the fields near to the river side on the site of the village, and at the depth of a furrow he turned up part of the foundation of what had been a blacksmith's forge. The shop must have been 16′ x 18′ in size. Twenty-five yards farther north, he also turned out the remains of fourteen French muskets—the barrel and the flint-lock held by a screw; while near by he gathered up a gallon of bright musket balls, besides knives, bolts, and buckles. On the adjoining farm were indisputable evidences of the houses in which the original inhabitants had resided.

It was current report that money has been found by some of the inhabitants, but my old friend assured me that the only money of which he had any knowledge was a single silver coin, square cornered, somewhat thicker towards the centre, and with a bevelled edge. In the olden days when the creek was deeper than at present, everybody knew that a plugged brass cannon lay in its muddy bottom.

From the bank at the creek two cannon and a swivel were taken to Mr. Ferguson's at Athol, to be donated in later days to the school at Campbellton.

The writer has in possession a piece of the planking of one of the ships, which figured in the battle of the Restigouche.

When the highway was built, the forgotten burial ground of the Acadian village was discovered; the skeletons being removed to other quarters the ghosts were henceforth laid which had frequented the spot.

There is much that is interesting to the student to be found around the site of the Acadian village

of La Petite Rochelle—the scene of the memorable Battle of the Restigouche.

A few miles farther is Kempt Road, at one time the old post-road leading to Quebec. We follow the river to Matapedia, the western end of the Gaspesian railway. Here lived the Messrs. Dan and Alex Fraser, who after the opening of the Matapedia Road contracted for the mail. A mile from Matapedia settled John Adams, a native of Scotland, who engaged in lumbering and agriculture.

A few miles away is Deeside, the early home of Pte Frank C. MacDonald, whose experiences in Germany are related in "The Kaiser's Guest," published in 1918. The road has been one continual delight. At one place where the road reaches a higher elevation the view is one magnificent panorama of river, island and mountain, in silver green and living green.

PART III

THE BAIE DES CHALEURS: RESTIGOUCHE

DALHOUSIE—CAMPBELLTON.— The Restigouche: The salmon River of New Brunswick.

FEW places can rival the Restigouche in beautiful and striking scenery. During its entire course of two hundred miles it maintains an ever-changing view—mountain and plain—wooded island and fertile field

Dalhousie, the picturesque shire-town of Restigouche County is situated at the head of the Baie des Chaleurs; it has all the facilities of a sea-port. Before the railway pushed its way north it was a place of considerable importance in the exportation of lumber. Had it not been switched off the line of railway, its site and its harbour must have made it a large city; those who love the little town think regretfully of what "might have been."

It was named after its founder, Lord Dalhousie, and laid out in town lots in 1826. The first settlers were Peter Harquail, Dan Roherty and Alexander Dean, who found bands of Micmacs and Milicites in possession. Ere long the place began to grow. Montgomery, Hamilton, Stewart, Smith and Ramsay are among the first names of those, who engaged in the exportation of square timber from the rich, virgin forests of the Restigouche. Two ship-yards were built, and vessels built from lum-

DALHOUSIE, N. B.—Showing Harbour.

ber sawed by hand. As early as 1832 fifty-two vessels had loaded at the port of Dalhousie. Ere long the little town began to grow: Barberie, MacGregor, and Caldwell are a few of the names of those who made their homes here.

On the top of the hill the monument still stands in memory of Captain John Hamilton. His epitaph tells that he built St. John's Presbyterian Church, the pioneer church in the new town. Roman Catholic and Anglican Churches came later. The school from a small beginning in time became a grammar school. Very distinctly in the mind of the writer is that school, taught by Mr. Ross, a B. A. of Dalhousie College, Halifax. His pupils have wandered far, but most of them have given a good account of themselves in the several professions and occupations they have chosen. How kindly we remember the happy, little town of olden days: hesitating to say how many years have elapsed since those days of youth, when we children played along the beaches or wended our way to day and Sunday School, where the Superintendent —Mr. George Haddow was always in his place: an office he filled for more than half a-century with consecrated service. Mr. and Mrs. Haddow were leaders in all that tended to promote the best interests of the youth of Dalhousie. For a number of years Mr. Haddow represented his county in Federal politics. After his retirement from business he was for many years in the Customs.

In April 1911 he was honoured by the Norwegian Government: a diploma and insignia were conferred upon him by King Haakon,

sanctioned by King George, giving him unsolicited knighthood in the Royal Norwegian Order of St. Olas. In the decline of life Mr. and Mrs. Haddow have gone to reside in Toronto, and to be with their children: one of whom, Rev. Robert Haddow, D. D. is editor of the "Presbyterian and Westminster." "Bonnie Brae," the beautiful home has passed into other hands, but for many a long day the first owners will live in the memories of their fellow towns-people, whose best wishes do follow them for a happy and peaceful eventide.

Beside the river, in the beautiful God's Acre stood the little old church with its high, square pews, lofty pulpit with the choir seats beneath, and on communion Sabbath, the long white table where those worshipping sat side by side.

The remembrance is sacred, and in the hearts of the remaining few who worshipped in St. John's the little church, the old minister—Rev. Alexander Russell of sainted memory—and the days of care free youth are still fragrant.

Now Dalhousie has a branch connection with the Intercolonial, water system, electric lights, sidewalks and automobiles. A large new pulp mill, under a new management, occupies the site of Moffatt's which for nearly a generation gave employment during summer and winter. There is also the plant of the Sydney Lumber Co., and of the P. Q. Lumber Co., the logs of the latter being across from Nouvelle, in Co. Bonaventure.

At Dalhousie is also a branch office of Mayer and Lage of New York, the manager of which is O. J. Klein. The object of the firm is the exportation of food products of both sea and land, and

LOOKING EAST FROM MORRISSEY ROCK.

operations are being carried on along both sides of the Baie des Chaleurs, and as far as Percé in Co. Gaspé.

Many years ago from Maguasha, across the head of the bay came to Dalhousie Joseph H. LaBillois, a son of the old doctor who had served under Bonaparte. He combined the duties of postmaster with that of merchant, and in 1856 his son, Hon. Charles H. LaBillois was born.

In 1881, the son in turn went into business in his native town, and in the following year was elected to represent the County of Restigouche in the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick, which he continued to do without interruption for thirty years.

In 1891 he became a member of the Executive Council, in 1897 Commissioner of Agriculture, in 1900 Chief Commissioner of Public Works, which position he held for seven years.

During Mr. LaBillois' control of the Department of Agriculture the first Farmers' Institute meetings under government auspices were held in New Brunswick, and so progressive an agricultural policy did he carry on, that in less than three years the crop in New Brunswick had increased by one-quarter of a million bushels, and twenty new roller mills of modern design were erected throughout the province.

Broadminded in all his dealings, the progressive political career of Hon. Mr. LaBillois has met with the approval of all parties and creeds.

The old people and old ways have departed, leaving little to remind one of the days that have been. Only the scenery remains unchanged,

for nature has been lavish with her gifts here, as elsewhere along the river of the boundary. The view is exceedingly lovely—embracing the northern shore, making Dalhousie a most charming summer resort. At Bon Ami Rocks, a mile below the town is the Inch Arran Hotel, where visitors enjoy the delightful bathing.

Sixteen miles farther is Campbellton: the pioneers of which were Robert Adams, David Duncan and his son. As their names show, they came from the land of the heather. "This was in 1773 and they engaged in salmon-fishing, fur and feather trading. During the American War of Independence the little colony was twice visited by privateers who plundered everything—even taking the hat and watch from Adams, but undaunted they began again.

Marriage could only be solemnised under difficulties in the little settlement—but John Duncan and the lady of his choice tramped on snow shoes to Miramichi, following the long coast line, spending the nights with the Indians. Reaching their destination they were married by missionary James Fraser.

This first bride of Campbellton was as skilful as determined, for it is recorded of her that many a moose fell a victim to her accurate aim, on the marshes beside her girlhood's home in Nepisguit (Bathurst). Gradually the town grew —the name of Martin's Point giving way to Campbellton, after Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell,one of the Governors of New Brunswick." The town was laid off in 1883 by Robert Ferguson of Athol House. Since the advent of the railway,

Campbellton has made rapid progress, extending her bounds into the country.

It has been said that Campbellton was the cradle of Presbyterianism in Northern New Brunswick and the personality and work of the first minister, Rev. James Steven is still green in the minds of many along both sides of the Baie des Chaleurs. His field of activity included Campbellton and Dalhousie, and frequently extended to Bathurst and New Richmond, sometimes even to New Carlisle and Port Daniel. How much fatigue and hardship he endured may be imagined, when we consider the lack of good accommodation for travellers, and the long, cold roads over which he passed.

Enterprising citizens of Campbellton and Restigouche County have become interested in fox-farming.

First in importance is that of Dr. B. Sproul, known as the "Black Diamond Fox Ranch," which was opened in 1910 with a pair of black foxes.

The present ranch was built in the summer of 1916, two miles below town on the Lily Lake Road and is 400-ft. square, fenced with an outside board fence eight feet in height, surmounted by wire two feet high, having an in-turn of two feet. The pens are built ten feet from the fence and are thirty-eight feet square, fenced with wire. The pens are divided from each other, and each contains a pair of foxes. There are now six pairs in the ranch. Dr. Sproule's foxes have now reached a standard, and he claims to own the largest captive foxes in Canada, some of them at seven months having weighed nineteen pounds. This standard

has been registered under the name of the "Black Diamond Fox." Dr. Sproule is very enthusiastic in the work and fully expects it to be a paying investment. He can relate many interesting tales of his experiences with the little black fox-puppies. Other ranches are Tide Head, the property of W. H. Miller, and the McMillan one at New Mills.

About thirty years ago the McLennan Foundry started business in Campbellton, and during the last two and a-half years of war manufactured six inch shells, giving employment to one hundred and seventy-five men.

When the manufacture of shells was discontinued, the company began in October, 1918 shipbuilding at Duncan's Point. The vessel now underway is six hundred tons burden, meant for deep sea trade, and will be launched about the end of July. So far as is known the work will be continued.

Like a bolt out of a clear sky came the devastating fire of July 11th, 1910, blotting out this ambitious and enterprising little town. Only five houses remained, when the hand of the destroyer was arrested. But with undaunted spirit the homeless people set about re-building their homes, and from the ruins a new Campbellton has arisen, surpassing the one that disappeared. Campbellton, like Dalhousie declared for temperance before the Provincial law came into effect. In the rear is Sugar Loaf mountain, with Cross Point and the Indian Reservation opposite, where the river is nearly a mile wide.

A few miles above is Athol, with Bordeaux

SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN.

opposite; between is the Basin of the Restigouche, the scene of the battle of the Restigouche. With the lapse of years the mouldering hulls of the French wrecks are gradually disappearing, and where the battle raged the great Corporation boom stretches along the river.

From Tide Head to Upsalquitch the river averages two hundred and fifty yards in width and is thickly dotted with islands to Matapedia, thirteen miles above Cross Point. Long Island, the largest, is fully a mile long; it has been cleared and responds richly to the hand of the agriculturist.

The Restigouche, meaning in the Micmac tongue "Five Finger River" has received its name from the five principal branches: the Matapedia, Upsalquitch, Patapedia, Kedgewick and Main River. At Matapedia, at its junction with the main river the scenery is very grand. The Restigouche Salmon Club has purchased a large flat of land, and erected thereon a number of buildings. Occasionally in the spring, when an ice jam occurs, the rivers losing all control overflow their banks, and at Matapedia the houses have been flooded—the inmates being compelled to flee, leaving the furniture floating around. Crossing the Mercier Bridge, a road to the right leads to the large, prosperous French settlement of St. Alexis, on the range of mountains which extends between the Restigouche and Matapedia River, and farther to Brandy Brok and Chain of Rocks.

Six miles above is Grog Island between high mountains. On the north bank a narrow roadway has been dug out of the cliff, while on the opposite

shore the road has been built high up on the mountain side. The highway extends to the upper end of Runnymede, where farther progress is barred by the mountains and the traveller is compelled to proceed by way of the river. Opposite Runnymede is a high mountain known as "Slate Mountain," rising in three natural terraces on a point of land between the Restigouche and Upsalquitch, which enters the main river from the south. This tributary is wide, with a large beach. Across the river, a mile from its mouth a bridge has been erected for the convenience of travellers through the large farming district of Robinsonville, near which the new International passes on its way to St. Leonard's.

Above, for a great part of its course the main river is two hundred yards wide; then Patapedia, thirty miles beyond is reached, which, in addition to the main river above Kedgewick and the Kedgewick, have been reserved by the government for salmon-breeding purposes.

The Restigouche flows through a country rich in valuable timber. For nearly a century and a half, busy gangs of men have been cutting down the great trees for which northern New Brunswick is famous. The timber interests still remain a rich source of wealth to the country, giving employment to many men. There seems to be no limit to the amount awaiting the axe of the woodsman. There are several large lumbering plants in Campbellton: the Messrs. Shives, with one mill in town, and another at Shives Athol; the Fraser Co., Ltd., who have two large mills in view, and the

Richards Lumber Co. with two large mills, three miles below the town.

There is still another industry for which the Restigouche and its tributaries have long been noted. These waters are prolific in salmon and trout, which have greatly enriched the inhabitants, besides being a source of keen pleasure to the anglers, who every season spend many happy days in pursuit of the finny beauties, to whose capture they are entitled as they have either bought or leased the fishing privileges. The fly fishing on the Restigouche has been good for the last five or six years: the year 1914 being the best in the history of the river; more fish being taken than in any previous year. The increase is doubtless owing to the removal of the net stands from the river mouth. The Matapedia is also a good river for anglers and has its goodly share of sportsmen, chiefly Americans. In proportion to number, there are more large fish caught in the Matapedia than in the Restigouche. The Upsalquitch is a small river and the fishing does not commence until the beginning of July, but when it does begin, it amply repays the time and skill expended on it, as a large number of fish are taken, averaging eight or nine pounds in weight. This river is nearly all Government water, which has been leased to several parties on a ten years' lease.

Of course the fish are found in pools and there are a number of good ones to be found. Retracing our way down river we reach the camp of Archibald Rodgers. Some distance below, the Restigouche Salmon Club holds the lease. Indian House is considered the best station on the river; as many

as twenty-one large fish have been taken from Patapedia Pool in one day by a single rod. Farther on is a club of well known Montreal men. Camp Albany is private and extensive, as are also some others. Club Harmony belongs to five members who own some of the most valuable fishing on the river. Their limit of three miles is private and the situation of the camp is the finest on the river, being at the juncture of the Upsalquitch and Restigouche.

Runnymede Lodge and Barnum's Camp are not far below. Most beautifully situated at the junction of the Restigouche and Matapedia is the residence of James H. Adams, and across the river has been located F. W. Ayer, who has the reputation of being one of the most skilful fishermen who comes to the river. At Matapedia is the Club House and Headquarters of the Restigouche Salmon Club, of which Henry De Forest of New York is President and Walter Jennings, of New York, Secretary Treasurer.

Several other Montrealers also have camps here. Some good returns are received from Dr. H. Lunam's water near Tide Head, but owing to the vicinity of tidal water salmon do not take the fly so readily as farther up river.

The Restigouche Salmon Club limits its members to eight fish per day; the others have no limit. To protect the salmon, there are about thirty guardians on the Restigouche and twenty on the other two rivers.

The government has taken great precautions to preserve the salmon. Certain places, as already indicated are reserved for breeding places; the

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.—The Matapedia and Restigouche Rivers.

salmon are caught in large nets and kept in a pond. "The fresh water retaining pond at Tide Head on the Restigouche has been abandoned and replaced by a salt water pond at New Mills, New Brunswick. The parent fish for the old Tide Head pond were taken in nets operated by the department and at New Mills they are purchased from the commercial fishermen. The New Mills pond is situated on the south side of the Baie des Chaleurs. It is formed by two cribs, constructed of logs in courses and saddled together. These cribs are 195 and 280 feet long respectively, and form, with the bend in the shore line a quarter circle. The cribs are ballasted with stone and sheathed on both sides with planking." (Appendix No. 13, *Marine and Fisheries*).

The salmon are kept there until spawning time, which is between the latter part of October and the middle of November. When the spawn has been removed, the old fish are set at liberty to return to salt water and the eggs are removed to the hatchery at Flatlands, where Mr. Mowat is in charge.

The Fish Hatchery of the Restigouche was built above Deeside; this being the second built in the Dominion. It was burnt and rebuilt at Flatlands, N. B. The late John Mowat was the first Overseer of Fisheries of the Restigouche River. This office is now filled by Mr. Maxwell Mowat, Fishery Overseer for Restigouche County and Mr. Eben Ferguson for the Restigouche River and its tributaries in the Counties of Restigouche and Victoria.

Like many other important industries the fish

hatchery had a humble beginning. The first fry was hatched out in the basement of Samuel Wilmot's house: he afterwards became first Superintendent of Fisheries. The Messrs. T. & M. Mowat built the first hatchery on the Fraser River, B. C. So unpopular was it that in 1884 cannery men petitioned the government through the Board of Trade of Victoria to stop the erection, as the river was teeming with fish. To-day these same cannery men have a hatchery themselves, in addition to the Provincial hatchery.

The hatchery on the Nipisiguit is subsidiary to the Restigouche hatchery; during 1914, 1,654,700 salmon fingerlings, in addition to a balance of 40,000 from the previous year, were distributed in the various rivers from the Restigouche hatchery.

According to the report of Marine & Fisheries, the catch of 1914 far exceeded any former year, within the remembrance of even the oldest inhabitant. Even in winter the Restigouche yields its harvests of fish, the smelt fishing being of considerable consequence. The work is cold and wearisome, but rich returns usually reward the fishermen. The hardy residents of the Restigouche are not afraid of cold or hardship and let no opportunity slip to secure the treasures which are to be found in the forests and waters of the Restigouche River.

Along the south side of the Baie des Chaleurs are many rich farming districts, through which flow several rivers. Across the mouth of the Eel River is a bar of sand four miles long. Charlo has two

VIEW NEAR NEW MILLS, N. B.

branches, on one of which are the beautiful Charlo Falls.

Here is established the Continental Lumber Company, the manager of which is Hon. William Currie, M.L.A., a native of Restigouche, who for several years represented his county in the Provincial parliament. The pioneers of this and several other adjoining districts were chiefly from Scotland.

At new Mills we find a new industry: the Canadian Fishing and Transport Company, with Mr. C. R. Taylor, General Manager. The head-office and freezing-plant are in New York. The firm is one of producers, and large sums of money having already been expended, the management is optimistic of success.

Notwithstanding new industries the lumber plants are many and important: at Benjamin are the Messrs. Culligan; River Louison, Messrs. Fenderson; and at Jacquet River Messrs. W. R. MacMillan, Fenderson, etc.

All along this shore are many summer cottages, and hotel accommodation may be secured for those who having discovered its charm seek the shores of the beautiful Baie des Chaleurs.

PART IV

THE BAIE DES CHALEURS: GLOUCESTER

BATHURST—The Stonehaven Quarries—Miscou and Shippegan.

THE County of Gloucester was at first, with Restigouche, a part of Northumberland, but in 1837 Gloucester and Restigouche were separated. The county commences near Tracadie and follows the south shore of the Baie des Chaleurs till it joins Restigouche.

The shore is flat, low and sandy. The shire town is Bathurst, built on a point of land between the Nepisiguit and Middle Rivers with the village on the other side of the latter river. The site is exceedingly picturesque and important, and as has been remarked does credit to its founder, Sir Howard Douglas, a former governor of New Brunswick, who chose the site in 1828 naming it in honour of the Colonial Minister. The first name of the place was the Indian one of Nepisiguit (broken or troubled waters), and later the French one of St. Pierre. After the destruction of Nicholas Deny's place at Cape Breton, he went northward and built a habitation on the point of land where the Jesuits from Miscou had already built a church: Point aux Pierre—so as St. Peter the village was known until recently. Finally Denys removed to France, where he wrote his book and at his death left his property to his son,

who lived in Miramichi, being named Commandant of all Acadia, from Cape Sable to Cap de Rosier.

Perhaps one of the first white men to live in northern New Brunswick was Enaud, who married a native woman and lived by trading in furs, fish and walrus ivory. Cooney says he was murdered by his Indian brother in law. A few years later, Walker, known as Commodore, who had been a lieutenant in the British Navy settled here, but his home was destroyed by American privateers.

Other settlers arrived, among whom were James Sutherland, the Millers and Hugh Munroe. The first arrived about 1786, after various journeyings at Nepisiguit Bay, and settled where is now Bathurst Village. He obtained a grant of 3,000 acres of land from the Government. To quote "The title-deed was a very comprehensive one. He was to be the sole owner in this vast domain of all the fish that swam in the rivers, brooks and drains; all the hawks that flew over the lands, and all the animals that roamed through the forests." Even the estuary of the Bay, although it could not be alienated from the Government, was rented to him for a period of 999 years, at a rental of "three pepper corns a year." "In return for this land he undertook to bring under cultivation a certain number of acres every year for a certain number of years. When in after years it was claimed that these obligations had not been kept and he was in danger of forfeiting his claim, his daughter, a young woman of twenty, and her brother, a boy of sixteen, set out for Fredericton on foot—a distance of 149 miles—making the

journey in eight days. Along trails, over deep snow they hurried, spending the night wherever they could. Arriving at the capital, Miss Sutherland went to the governor, Major General Stracey-Smyth, and presented her plea, claiming that the required clearing had been made. The settler had been aided in his work by the beavers, who, having built dams had rendered the land fit for cultivation. A dam half a mile long, 15 ft. wide at the bottom and 8 ft. high, is still in good preservation, entirely the work of the busy beaver. The lady pleaded that the beavers were the property of her father, and therefore their work should be credited to him. She did not plead in vain. The governor decided in her favour and received her as his guest during the week she remained in the capital."

Another early settler was Hugh Monroe, a United Empire Loyalist; the first judge of the Counties of Restigouche and Gloucester. He was a clever, intelligent, observant man and had the honour of being recognized by the father of Queen Victoria—dining twice with him at Quebec. His daughter, Mrs. (Hon.) John Ferguson still keeps as a cherished heirloom the pair of black silk stockings which he wore on that occasion. Judge Monroe lived at "Somerset Vale", three miles north of the village, where he owned 1,000 acres, and where in the evening of life he was cared for by his daughter. This lady, in extreme old age was still mentally clear and very willingly drew aside the veil from old time memories. One could see again the family and servants gathered on

A LUMBER SCENE IN GLOUCESTER COUNTY.

Sabbath morning for prayers and the reading of the Holy Book.

Later in the morning they crossed the Tetagouche River, which flowed across the Vale, in a canoe to church. The first Presbyterian Church was erected in 1827. Again, the listener could almost see the visitor—the old Judge's friend—who rode in courtly style to the door, and dismounting, never forgot to smooth his hair before reaching for the old brass knocker.

The "Vale Farm" is now the property of Mr. Carr-Harris, formerly a Professor of the Royal Military College, Kingston. He made an attempt along the line of hop-growing but it was not successful.

The Model Farm, of five hundred acres was once the property of Hon. John Ferguson.

Several rivers flow into the harbour and the bay: Big Nepisiguit, Little, Middle and Tetagouche Rivers. The Nepisiguit is ninety miles long, flowing from lakes. Twenty miles up are the Grand Falls, thirty-five feet wide and one hundred feet high. The waters fall into a narrow canyon, whose walls are so high and perpendicular that the sun's rays do not enter.

A few years ago it was impossible to bring a small, loaded schooner into Bathurst Harbour; as a result of dredging, in 1916 a British transport came to the Company's wharf, to unload the effects of Lord Devonshire. The harbour outlet is half a mile wide. Bathurst is now an incorporated town, with a population of 4,000. The railway station is near West Bathurst, connected by two bridges with the town.

The journey has been made by the I.C.R., whose coming through northern New Brunswick has all the honour of an historical date. Its history—as is well known—is a record of first class service. Its officials treat its patrons with consideration and courtesy.

In 1897 a hunter, William Hussey, travelling near Austin Brook, a branch of the Nepisiguit, about twenty-four miles south-east of Bathurst, discovered iron-ore, nearly five hundred feet above sea-level. Five years later Mr. Hussey and Mr. T. Burns of Bathurst, secured "Rights to search." The following year some test work was done, and a few years later the field was surveyed and found to contain a number of magnetic iron-ore deposits, some of considerable extent.

In 1907 a beginning was made and the Canadian Iron Corporation, Ltd., assumed control of the property, leasing five square miles from the province of New Brunswick for a term of eighty years, and a right of renewal at the expiration of the term, for a fixed royalty for that period. The work was conducted both above and under the surface, being practically quarry work.

A Branch Line of seventeen miles connects the mine property with the I.C.R. An ore dock was erected at Newcastle, with a capacity of 13,000 tons, and a mill was erected at the mines to treat seventy tons of crude ore per hour. The quality was 47½ of magnetic mixed with manganese.

The work went on till 1913, when it was discontinued, but hopes are entertained that it will be resumed. The only drawback is the lack of means of transportation.

Another big industry has its plant in Bathurst: the lumber, pulp and paper works of the Bathurst Lumber Co., the president of which is Senator Edwards.

The manufacture of pulp and paper is a very interesting process, and the writer was recently courteously allowed the privilege of visiting the mill. The Manager of the Pulp Department, Mr. Thickens explained the process by which wood is converted into paper.

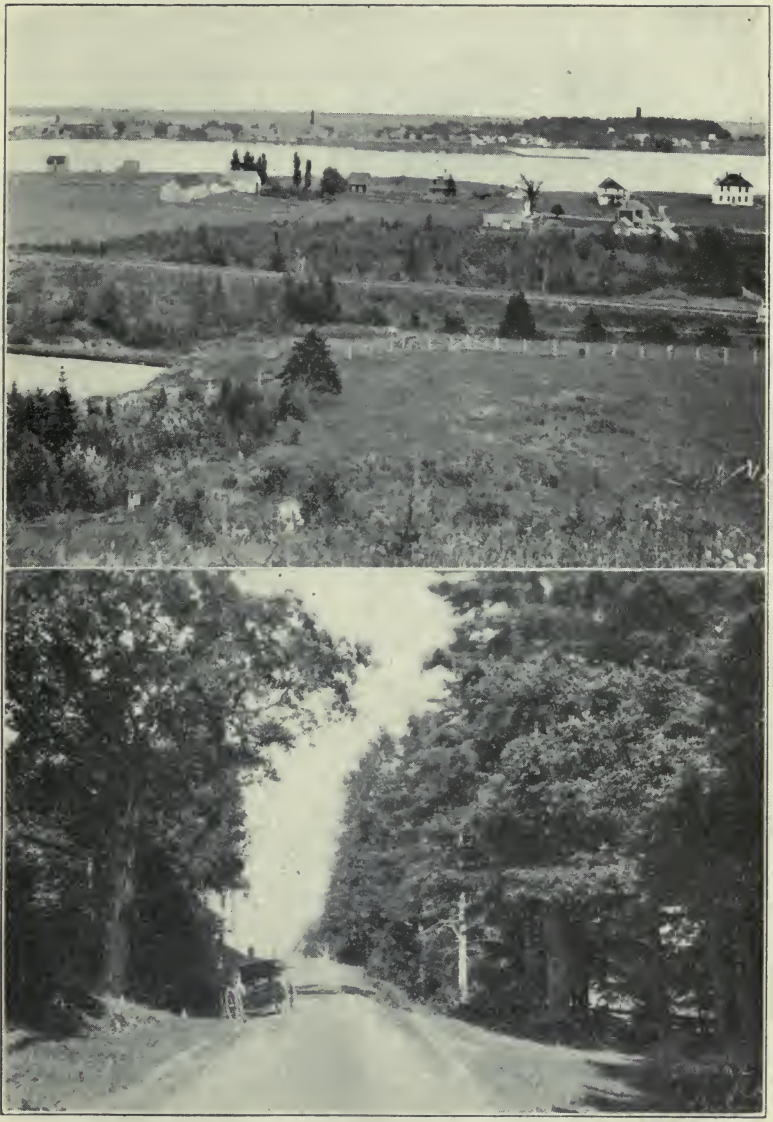
The pulp wood is obtained in Gloucester County, and is taken to the slash-house and being cut into four foot lengths, is carried by a conveyor to the wood room. There is piled during the winter, the summer's work. The wood is barked, two types of barker being used: one kind for wood taken from the water, when the bark being soft is simply knocked off, while the bark of the green wood is removed with a knife. About fifteen per cent of the refuse is used for fuel in the power-house.

The next step is to the chippers, when the wood is cut up into pieces from a half to an inch long. Next it is screened, i. e. removing the saw dust. The chip bins over the digesters next receive it; these are lined with brick, all the valves and fittings being of bronze. A separation is now made. If sulphite is required, acid is added to the chips in the digester. This acid is made from sulphur and limestone; the former is burned and the gasses are passed with water over limestone, forming a calcium bi-sulphite liquor. The chips are cooked for fourteen hours, samples of stock being taken at regular intervals. When the fibre has reached

the desired state of separation, the digester is blown, i. e., emptied by being blown into large tanks to be washed. Still it goes on, being next handled by the knotters and rifflers. Here all large knots are removed, while lime and all foreign particles are allowed to settle. The mixture of pulp and water is now taken to the screens, where everything excepting good stock is removed. This mixture has a consistency of one-half per cent, wood-fibre; the rest is water. The water is next removed by the thickers, till it has a consistency of 2½ per cent of wood-fibre sulphite. This pulp is then pumped to the drying machine, and the balance of the water is removed. The pulp coming off is done up in rolls of three hundred pounds each, ready for shipment to the United States or to England, where it is beaten up again and made into paper.

The other kind is craft or sulphate—manufactured by an alkaline process. This latter is chiefly used in the manufacture of box-boards and wrapping paper, while the sulphite is used for writing paper. The difference in value is accounted for by the war, as the demand for lower grade paper is far in advance of the other.

Half-a-mile from the town, on the farther side of the Nepisiguit River is the terminus of the Caraquet Railway, which connects with the C. G. R. at Gloucester Junction, five miles below Bathurst and runs to Shippegan. All along the coast there is a large fish trade; thus the railway has been of immense benefit to the country through which it passes.



1. BATHURST, N. B.
2. ON THE YOUGHAL ROAD—Bathurst, N. B.

Down the coast, eighteen miles east of Bathurst, is Stonehaven.

The bank of the cliff is fully fifty feet in height, and on the beach below is the quarry of the Read Stone Co.

It has been estimated that over one-half the grindstones quarried in Canada are found here. The quality of the stone is said to be unsurpassed, and is known as "Baie des Chaleurs Grit."

A number of years ago the writer visited the place and the busy scene in its different phases still returns to memory.

"Stones are made here in all sizes, from eight inches in diameter for kitchen use up to eighty-four inches in diameter by fourteen inches thick. This size weighs usually about three and a-quarter tons. The usual stone of trade is from one to two and a-half feet in diameter.

This quarry is different from the others in that the ground quarried has been re-claimed from the sea by building dams or a breakwater. The present one is more than a quarter of a mile long; altogether a mile of breakwater has been built here. The dams are timber crib-work, filled with stone, rip-rapped on the seaward side and water tight. When the dam is finished and the water pumped out, quarrying begins. The stone lies in horizontal strata of differing thicknesses, going to the depth of twenty-five feet. By various means the rock is cut to the required size. Then it is hoisted out and passed into the hands of stone cutters. If of size suitable for a single grindstone it is sent directly to the lathe for completion. On the other hand, if it is too

thick, it is sawed as required. The eye is drilled and the stone turned on the lathe in a short time. To saw these great stone blocks several saws are set in a gang—moving back and forth. Water and sand are poured on the top, and the work goes on at the rate of from six to twelve inches per hour. In granite and marble the speed is much slower. Often crushed steel and shot are used in sawing the harder stones. Of course exceedingly heavy machinery is used, but twenty-five hundred tons of grind stones are shipped each year.

The work was vastly different in the beginning, In those days the grindstones were quarried at ebb tide and hauled ashore, to be completed by hand. In those early days the work was exceedingly laborious: the workmen were often waist deep in water—by day and by night—to suit the tide. As many as three hundred men were employed at that time. The stones were shipped by schooners. With the installation of machinery and better facilities for shipping came increased work and exports.

This quarry dates back to the forties but little was done till between 1856 and 1860, when the plant was bought out by Joseph Read. To-day the Stonehaven quarry is operated by the great grandsons of the original purchaser.

The work in the quarry might be considered dangerous—classed by accident insurance companies about the same as farming. So far as the writer can ascertain, there have only been two persons fatally injured within the last forty or fifty years, only one in the last twenty years.

1. VIEW NEAR CARON POINT,—Bathurst, N. B.
2. READ STONE-QUARRY, N. B.

Surely this is a good record, considering that one hundred or more men have been employed."

Caraquet is an important place with many good buildings. A prominent figure in provincial politics made his home here—the Hon. Robert Young, the head of a large firm dealing in fish and lobsters.

The oyster ground at Caraquet at one time yielded as much as 10,000 barrels but in recent years the amount has been greatly decreased.

In the old cemetery of St. Anne's at Caraquet is the grave of a man named Landry, whom tradition affirms was the brother of Evangeline. The headstone bears the date of 1796.

In the olden days the inhabitants were fond of relating old-time tales; among these are the "Magic Grove", and the peculiar brightness which illuminated the sea so thoroughly that fish would not mesh; in the vernacular of the coast—"The water is on fire."

Some little distance below is St. Simon. The origin of the name is said to have been as follows:—The victorious British returning after the Battle of the Restigouche overtook the French ship, the St. Simon, and gave chase. She ran into Shippegan Harbour and up a creek, into which the pursuers followed as far as they could. The ship was lost and the crew took to the woods, where they married native women; the blood shows yet in many of the inhabitants of the settlement of St. Simon. Shippegan is an island separated from the mainland by Shippegan Gully and Harbour. In ecclesiastical circles it is regarded as the best parish in Gloucester County; the people are in well to-do circumstances.

Separated from Shippegan by a narrow strait is Miscou, about twelve miles long. The island has been made up by the wash from the sea, and during the last generation its shape is said to have changed considerably; the coast being washed away on the south-east and built up on the north by the heavy sea throwing up sand and gravel. The island has history dating back to the 17th century, when the Recollet fathers organized a mission. At this time trade in elkskins, walrus tusks and fish was an important industry. A plague broke out, which they called "Mal-de-terre" which nearly depopulated the mission.

A gruesome tale is the legend of Miscou. Champlain tells of a terrible giant in the form of a 'female devil which the Indians called 'Gougou." "The mystery has never been solved unless an old, lazy walrus was the unknown original which terrorized the early settlers." Many tales of suffering and shipwreck are related.

To-day Miscou is up-to-date, being well protected by lighthouses and a fog whistle.

The lobster and fishing industries of these islands at the entrance of the Baie des Chaleurs are very important, but of this anon.

Across to the north, the Gaspé coast is plainly visible; the houses at some places shining white in the sunlight against a back ground of mountains, of many shapes and many shades of verdure.

A circuit of the Bay des Chaleurs has been completed. A trip by boat or steamer around its shores will abundantly repay the time and out-lay. —"Beautiful for situation" are Gaspé and Baie des Chaleurs.

PART V

TREASURE TROVE BY SEA AND LAND

1. The fisher's life. 2. The Gaspé whaler. 3. Baie des Chaleurs' lobsters. 4. The little smelt. 5. An old-time trapper. 6. The land of the moose. 7. The Phantom Ship of the Baie des Chaleurs.

1.—*The Fisher's Life*

THE history of the Peninsula of Gaspé is in great measure the history of the cod-fishing industry. Ever since Percé was discovered. fishermen from France visited the place in search of cod.

But when in 1766, Charles Robin of the Island of Jersey founded the business known by trade and trade-mark all over the world as "C.R.C.", a new day dawned for the fishermen of the Gaspé coast. Later in 1838, the LeBoutillier Brothers, also a Jersey firm established a similar business, and opportunities increased for the hardy fishers of Gaspésia. To-day these Jersey firms have passed into other hands: C.R.C. is now Robin, Jones and Whitman, with headquarters at Halifax, and the other is now Whitehead and Turner of Quebec, although the old name is retained in the business. Robin, Jones and Whitman have branches in the Gaspé Peninsula at Gaspé, Barachois, Mal Bay, Percé, Cape Cove, L'Anse aux Beaufils, Grand River, Newport, Gascons, Port Daniel, Paspebiac and Bonaventure. The LeBoutillier

The cod-fish hooks are fastened to short lines, three feet in length. Of these 600 to 800 are attached a fathom apart to a long cod-line making the "trawl". The trawl is carefully coiled in a tub, so arranged that all the hooks are upon the left side, in order that the line may run out more readily. Clams, squid, herring, or in fact whatever is available is used for bait. Three or four men go in each boat, which is from twenty-six to twenty-eight feet long.

To set a trawl, one end with an anchor attached is dropped as a buoy; the line is run out, the other end being similarly buoyed. Each boat may have two or three trawls with a man in charge of each. The boat being anchored the fishermen eat and smoke for the interval of two or three hours, before hauling in the trawl. Two men are required for hauling in: the third one removes the fish, gaffing the living ones.

An average catch per boat is from seven to twelve "drafts", although occasionally as much as fifteen drafts are secured. A draft is two hundred and twenty-four pounds of salted fish. It is not uncommon to find seven to nine trawl-caught fish from the banks large enough to make a draft. One fish fresh from the water actually tipped the scale at ninety-six pounds, measuring six feet, three inches in length. The shore boats set out every morning at one or two o'clock, returning if possible in the evening, while those going to the banks set out Sunday evening, returning the following Saturday night. The fish caught near shore are landed, gutted, headed, then split—the back bone being removed. They are then

weighed, salted for several days in bulk, washed and mopped, stacked over night to drain, put on flakes to dry from three to four days, then stacked again on the gravel beach for an eight days' airing and the fish of Robin, Jones and Whitman is finally sent to the steam-dryer at Paspebiac in boats and schooners to be finished, while others complete the process of drying on flakes or on the beach. At this stage they are three-quarters dry. From the boats the fish is carried and placed on wire trays in the dryer, the capacity of which is two hundred and fifty quintals of cod. Heat for drying is supplied by hot water in pipes; from twenty-four to forty-eight hours are required to complete the process. When the fish is sufficiently dry it is removed to the packing-room— a separate building attached to the drying-room. Here the fish are culled, weighed, pressed and packed. In the packing-room are four great presses of enormous pressure, each worked by four men, which reduces in a very few minutes the high loose-piled fish to a compact mass. The fish is packed in tubs, casks or cases, according to the market for which it is destined. Those for Brazil contain a Portuguese quintal (128 lbs), while those for the British West Indies are packed with an English quintal (112 lbs). Twenty-four men per day are employed to load and unload the dryer, sort, weigh, press and pack 250 quintals of cod. The fish is sorted into five grades. The big "sounds" are salted and sold; the livers are gathered and manufactured into oil of various grades. The large heads are salted while the small ones make fertiliser. Some of the fish usually those about

twenty-two inches long are prepared for sale as "Skinless Codfish," with which Canadian camps are familiar. The bones having been removed, the fish is pickled for one or two months, according to the time of year, then taken out of the brine, and aired for one day. The skin is removed with a knife after which the fish is aired twice. Packed in cases of one hundred pounds each it is placed on the Canadian market.

The fish is shipped by rail, steamer and sailing vessels direct from Paspebiac. Both firms have a large number of vessels, such as schooners, barques, brigs, sloops, and fishing-boats, and employment is thus given to a great number of people. Both firms are popular with the employees: one generation followed by another in loyal, steady service to the same concern. Mr. Charles Biard of Percé, being interviewed, remarked that to-day fishermen seldom hire for fishing: preferring to sell their fish to the best advantage, whereas formerly they hired in winter for the next season's fishing. Motor-boats owned by the fishermen have supplanted sail-boats. The long, weary row of perhaps eighteen miles is unknown.

2.—*The Gaspé Whalers*

In former years cod-fishing did not monopolise the interest of the Gaspésians. Afar from their rock-bound coast they engaged in the pursuit of larger game: that phase of Gaspé life, now obsolete —the whaling trade.

Eager to know something of the life and its experiences, the writer sought a veteran harpooner

—the late Captain Charles Stewart, and obtained much interesting information, as also from the late Mr. Felix Annett, who had been actively employed in the whaling business.

Captain Stewart began operations on a sixty-ton schooner, carrying two whale-boats sailing to the Straits of Belle-Isle.

A whale-boat was thirty feet long, manned by six men:—four rowers a steersman and a harpooner, and equipped with three hundred fathoms of primewarp, 1 7-8 inch rope.

Usually three kinds of whale were met: Sulphur, Humpback and Finner. The first was most valuable for oil: as one hundred barrels of rendered oil have been obtained from one fish. The Sulphur is the largest of the three kinds of whale frequenting the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They are of various sizes, from forty to ninety feet in length: occasionally as much as one hundred and twenty feet in length. At an average, at its thickest part it was fully twelve feet through. The tail resembled a mackerel, and had a spread of twenty feet. So powerful is it that a touch of the tail is sufficient to smash a boat. There are two fins, one on each side,—twelve to fifteen feet long. The jaw-bone measured no less than twenty-five feet. When these huge animals are "mouthing", or searching for food, they are very terrible-looking: rushing through the water at the rate of twenty or more miles an hour. One man in the vicinity of a whale thus employed, expected that his boat would be swallowed up, but so quickly did the whale "dip" that he just cleared the end of the boat. The food of the whale usually consists of shrimp, caplin and

occasionally herring. On one occasion a boat's crew came upon a dead whale, choked by a porpoise.

The Humpback is the general whale of the Gulf and Labrador coast. A Finner is a Killer, with an enormous fin on his back, about five feet high, and is dangerous to kill on account of a tendency to "Flurry." They eat seals and even small porpoises, and average from sixty to seventy-five feet in length.

Mr. Annett once killed three Greenland whales at Kamouraska. The gill, or whale-bone of one was eleven feet long, and one foot at its widest part, while the distance through the great head was seventeen feet, and the blubber was eighteen inches thick. Another whale occasionally found was the Grampus, small but very swift. A pothead again is a porpoise yielding five or six barrels of oil. A Sperm whale was once seen off Shiphead, but as it did not "strike" the whalers did not know what it was. A whale will spout ten or twelve times before it sounds: disappearing head first.

The instruments of destruction used by the Gaspé whalers were a harpoon and lance. The latter was five feet long, made of iron, with a long steel blade and a handle of dog-wood, to which was attached ten fathoms of rope. Whenever the harpoon was thrown, one of the oarsmen threw a bucket of water over the rope to prevent it burning the hands. When a whale was struck, the boat was immediately carried under water, the foam flying in every direction, and only the upper parts

of the men were visible as they rushed through the water at tremendous speed.

Wages were usually paid in shares: the harpooner receiving one-twelfth, the others one-sixteenth of the catch. At one time a barrel of whale oil (30 gallons) was worth £4 sterling: as the whalers became better versed in the work the well-refined oil brought an additional £2.

The flesh of young calves of the Humpback species, was considered as good as beef. Captain Stewart related with considerable humour the incident of a man who declared that on no account would he "eat whale." One day at the conclusion of a meal, of which he had partaken heartily, his daughter asked him how he had enjoyed his beef steak.

"Oh", he replied, "It was splendid"!

"Well", she responded, "that was whale"! He went out.

Among the very earliest whalers of Gaspé was Captain William Annett, who lived at Peninsula some eighty years ago. He and his brothers built a schooner and went on whaling expeditions to the North Shore. The Annetts were a race of giants, the shortest of them being a daughter five feet, eleven inches. Captain Annett was six feet, five inches in height, and built in proportion. He declared that if he had to bend to enter other peoples' doors, he would not do so beneath his own, so he cut the door-openings high enough to permit him to enter with comfort. He was also of great strength, and the story is told how he and his brother carried the whale-boat loaded in readiness

for sea upon their shoulders to the water's edge. One of the Annetts climbed half-way to the mast-top with a barrel of pork tied to his leg. Another of the same family sighted a whale, but a boat lay between him and the prize. Thinking that the harpooner was long in throwing his iron, he cried to the man to strike, but received answer that the distance was too great to hit him.

"Stand out of the way"! Cried the giant Annett, and quick as thought with unerring aim, he threw the harpoon straight over the other boat, and followed in the wake of the whale, holding to his line, till the tired creature allowed him to close in upon him, when he delivered a "Home-shot"—in the language of whalers—i. e. —struck the lance to his heart.

The dangers and accidents to which these heroes in courage and prowess were exposed were enough to make the boldest shudder, while their escape from imminent death was often little short of miraculous.

On one occasion Mr. Felix Annett's boat was in chase of a whale and had nearly reached Grosse Water Bay on the Labrador. Mr. Annett sailed across the whale and struck it with his harpoon. The whale only flipped the edge of his tail, but like a chip the boat upset. There was not even time to pull down the sail, and every one was thrown into the water but succeeded in getting upon the bottom. All this time the line had been running out, and was nearly gone, when it jammed in the chawks, pulling the boat from beneath the ship-wrecked men. Fortunately the

second boat was near at hand, for not a man could swim. Two were saved, as they were going down for the third time.

Sadder, however was another case. The harpooner had struck a whale, but unfortunately the oars were not under the "cuddy;" the rope became entangled, throwing the harpooner down, and passing over his leg. No one could cut the warp which severed the limb. The unfortunate man died in a week, and his brother became insane from grief.

Captain Charles Stewart, acknowledged in his day to be one of the best whalers on the Gaspé coast had many interesting experiences to relate. So expert was he that he could strike his prey with a harpoon at a distance of six or seven fathoms. Once he threw the weapon before the boat was clear from the schooner, and the iron entered the whale's heart. One day the whale carried off the boat, because of a knot in the rope, precipitating the occupants into the water, from which they were rescued by the other boat's crew. An old cow-whale visited the same waters every year, and the whalers had named her "White Spots." They knew her well and always spared her, considering her a good investment, in view of the fact that about forty of her progeny had fallen victims to the whaler's lust for oil. To their great regret she was at last struck. When a calf was struck, the mother with true maternal instinct would throw her fin over her wounded young and take it down. Captain Stewart seeing that such was on one occasion about to happen, threw his lance, and the mother was dead before

A GOOD CATCH, (70 lbs.)

her calf. Another day he chased a sulphur for a time, suddenly declaring: "There are two sulphurs down there." Westward bound they went like "chain-lightning." One boat headed on the whale, while the other cut across. Harpooner Stewart threw his lance, but saved it, and the whale struck with no blood visible. The whale darted forward, rose into the air to settle dead, "sousing" down into one hundred fathoms of water. When whales played a trick like this, the crew left the line with a buoy attached thereto. It was hard to start him on the upward journey, and as the carcass drew near the surface, it was necessary to get out of the way: it rolled about as though alive.

Once among drift ice a cow-whale searching for her calf passed under the boat, and her tail threw Captain Stewart and another man into the water, from which they escaped with the aid of the line. Again a boat struck a whale which promptly capsized the boat. However the occupants succeeded in climbing upon the bottom, exclaiming gratefully: "Thank God we are safe!" Although the other boat was not within reach they were not uneasy, expecting soon to be free from the whale, but as in other instances the line caught in the chawks of the boat, leaving the poor fellows struggling for their lives, and of the six men only one was saved—Baptiste Basque, an Indian.

To conclude these tales: one day the boat's crew of which Mr. Felix Annett was harpooner spied a cow-whale and her calf, and determined to secure the calf. The whale spouted and went down directly beneath the boat, leaving the little

craft with its human freight high and dry upon the great back of the whale. Harpooner Annett ordered his men to pull in the steering oar and keep perfectly quiet. Seating himself upon the thwart, he grasped the gunwale ready for the result, which he expected every moment. The unexpected happened: the huge creature settled into the sea, leaving the boat and her crew unhurt, but breathless and thankful. The only explanation that suggested itself to the men was that the whale had mistaken the boat for her calf.

The whale being dead the blubber was cut with spades, which usually occupied six hours, and the blubber hoisted aboard the schooner. When boiling was in order a spot was selected, and two pots rigged up side by side, with sixty to one hundred gallons capacity.

The cruise of three months being ended, the schooner set sail for Quebec, where a ready market was obtained.

The work of the Gaspé whaler is done: the trade from that place having ceased about thirty years ago. The steamer, with the harpoon fired from the gun supplanted the Gaspé whalers, and killed the traffic. Several, who were once actively employed in the whaling business are still to be found in Gaspé. In the autumn of their lives the remembrance of their early days of strenuous labour is still vivid, and with great good-will they tell the tales of their whaling days in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on the coasts of the lonely Labrador.

3.—*Baie des Chaleurs' Lobsters.*

The story of the two boys who quarrelled over the colour of lobsters is familiar to all. One lad had seen the creature *before*, the other *after* it was boiled: hence the disagreement. We who live along the Baie des Chaleurs laugh at such misconceptions of the shell-fish as we call it, found on both sides of the bay. Among the rocks at the bottom of the sea, lobsters are found. Covered with his hard coat of mail, the lobster is called a shell-fish, although he is not a fish. During the first year of a lobster's life his growth is so rapid that no fewer than six new shells are required to keep him properly clothed. A kind of glue mixed with lime comes from the lobster's thick skin, and in three or four days this glue becomes hard, and he appears in a new shell. In the second year his demands are equally numerous, but in the third year his wants are fewer, and four changes suffice. After that age the lobster's needs are more moderate, for he only gets one suit each year for the rest of his life. Lobsters are found in a rocky bottom, and the traps are set accordingly, at distances varying from one-half to three miles from the shore. These traps are four feet long by two feet deep, made of laths, nailed two inches apart to a frame of bent ash or other tough wood: flat-bottomed to sit on the ground, with a crescent-shaped top like a bow. Each end is fitted with netted meshes, in the centre of which a hole from four to six inches in diameter is left, through which the lobster enters tail first, and once inside he is unable to escape. Near the top a little door

is placed, fastened with a button, through which the bait is inserted and fastened to an upright post in the centre, which extends to within four inches of the top of the trap. One hundred laths are sufficient for five traps, and one man is credited with making twenty-six in one day, but such expedition is rare. The leading firms use from six to ten boats, with three hundred traps to a boat at each cannery. The traps are placed three fathoms apart, baited with herring or cod-head. They are raised once a day, and sometimes as much as 1500 pounds weight are captured, although quantities vary from six hundred to a thousand pounds. The boat load of live, squirming creatures is taken ashore, weighed while alive, and dumped into the boiling water in a boiler with a capacity of 7000 lbs. In about fifteen minutes the lobsters are removed, and placed upon a long table, where they are broken and the meat removed from the claws and tails, while the bodies are thrown out. The flesh, having been washed in cold water is pressed tightly into one-half and pound cans, covered and sealed either by hand or machine. The cans are boiled for an hour and a-half, punched to allow the gas to escape, stamped and boxed. Later the cans are scrubbed clean, painted blue, wrapped in paper and boxed again, ready for market.

Twenty-five years ago, lobsters were so plentiful that at Miscou they were often thrown upon the beach, from the water's edge with a pitchfork. But times have changed; they are much scarcer, higher priced, and competition is keen. Some years the catch is a failure, and to preserve these

valuable crustacea from extinction the Canadian Government has installed two hatcheries to supply young lobsters. One was placed at Shippegan Gully, capable of holding 145,000,000, the other at Port Daniel West has a capacity of 50,000,000. The latter is equipped with both boiler and engine. The spawn are taken about the first of May, and if the weather is warm they hatch in six weeks, taking longer in cold weather. The spawn is fed with water pumped from the sea by the engine, which is kept working day and night without intermission; thus the water runs constantly through the trays or crocks in which the spawn are kept until hatched.

4.—*The Little Smelt*

During long months the Restigouche River is frozen over: the ice making a bridge from one province to the other, and also affording an opportunity for the prosecution of a lucrative industry.

Over forty years ago, a man at Escuminac fished the first smelts in the Restigouche. Gradually the industry increased, till now over two hundred licenses are issued annually. A smelt-fishing outfit is somewhat expensive. Two years ago the price of a net varied from $100 to $150, while the shanty, stove and other accessories cost fully $50 more. Two, sometimes five nets are included in an outfit. Some people fish on the mud flats, while others prefer the edge of the channel or a bar, with one side of the net near the bank, and the other in the deep water; the smelts follow a bar of sand or a point.

A hole thirty-five feet long, by two feet wide is sawn in the ice. The nets are set on two pickets sixty feet long. The net is pulled open by means of blocks and an endless rope. The nets are fished every five hours, at high and low water. As the current slackens the fisherman closes his net; otherwise it would turn inside out, and the catch be lost. In a very short time the squirming mass of finny beauties is a frozen heap upon the ice. Catches vary from one hundred pounds to a ton. The fish are usually bought at the shanties, placed in freezers, sorted, and packed in boxes, classified according to size. Many losses and dangers are attendant upon smelt-fishing. A sudden thaw is frequently the cause of disaster: the ice runs, carrying nets, and shanties, even endangering life.

More primitive is the mode of fishing smelts on the Grand Cascapedia, where it is no uncommon sight to see an Indian sit patiently tugging at a line dropped through a hole, four inches in diameter, cut in the ice. A few branches of spruce and fir protect the fisherman from the wind. Slowly but surely his pile increases, and this he gladly disposes of to the first purchaser for five cents a dozen.

5.—*An Old-time Trapper*

"Tell me about your life as a trapper, Mr. Willett," I asked persuasively of the veteran hunter, trapper, and guide of the Grand Cascapedia River—the late Benjamin V. Willett.

My companion looked at me, reflected a moment and replied:

"Fifty years ago, I made my first trip; I was then a young man of twenty-one, and accompanied by an Indian hauling our provisions on a toboggan, I set off to the head waters of the Grand Cascapedia, following the bed of the river. We made camp wherever night overtook us. There were then no trails, portages or lumber camps in which to seek shelter, as we were in advance of the lumbermen on the Grand Cascapedia: alone in the primeval forest.

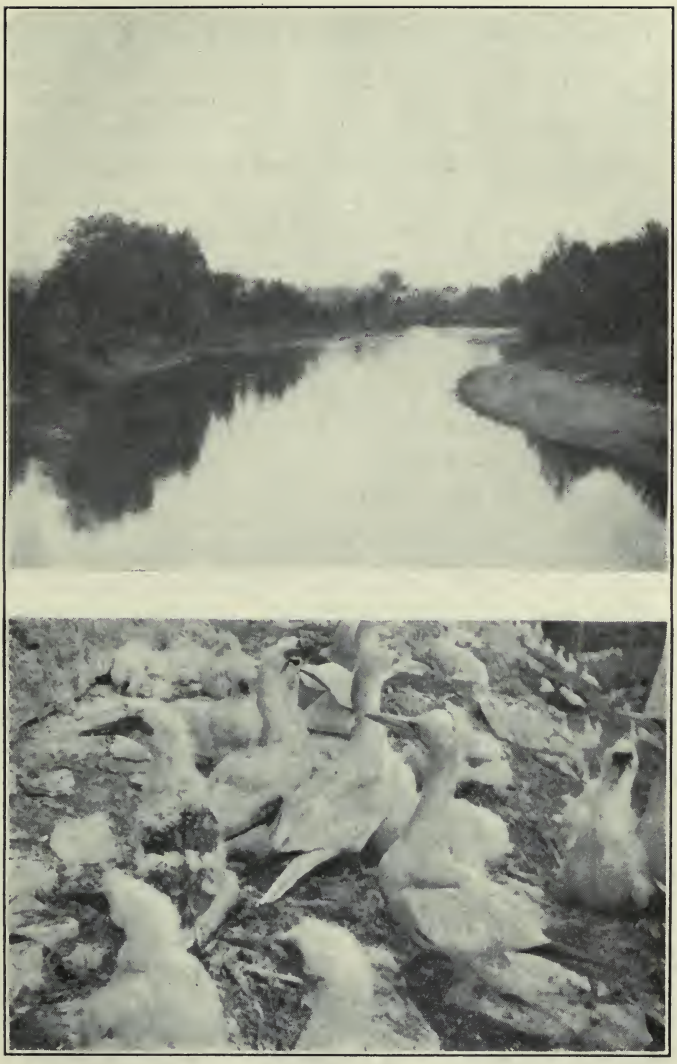
"My experiences during that first trip were so satisfactory that I decided to make a business of trapping, and with a partner, I set off the following year for the forests which I had barely entered the winter before. We travelled from ten to fifteen miles a day for nearly a week, till we were near the headwaters, where we camped, and set a line of traps: no light job fifty years ago. We had to build dead-falls, as steel traps were scarcely known along the Baie des Chaleurs.

"For marten we set our traps four feet above the snow, while for water animals we built a 'Killhaig' (as the Indians named it) on the banks of gorges in the fall. Some years we had as many as 1,000 traps, and it required nine days to go over the traps, carrying snowshoes through the thick forest. On an average we set our traps three hundred and fifty yards apart, blazing a trail as we went. Once a fortnight we made a circuit of our traps, carrying a lot of bait. I well remember the catch we made that first winter: 210 martin pelts, 40 minks, 7 otters, 2 fishers and a number of beaver, as in those days there was no protection

for this animal. To-day, the life of a trapper is comparatively a picnic, with good roads and always a welcome at the lumber camps. The day of the deadfall is over. I doubt if there is a single young trapper who knows how to make one for water fur-bearing animals. It is built upon the ground, without bait, and is sprung by the animal passing through.

"I met an occasional hunter. One year I remember my line of traps led up Miner Brook towards the Cape Chatte River, and one day I met an old Melicite Indian coming from the St. Lawrence:—John Baptiste Thomas—we camped together, relating anecdotes of camp life: in fact I received some of my best pointers from him, such as the best method of building a 'Killhaig' for otter and beaver. When we parted, he tried to arrange a date for our next meeting, desiring me to make a mark that he could understand; this was not easy, as his caligraphy was limited—J. B. T.—being the extent of his knowledge in that line.

"Wonderful to relate, in my half-a-century's trapping I only met with two accidents. One day, having built a trap I noticed a leaning tree in a position likely to endanger my deadfall, so I undertook to cut it away. The tree sprang up, doubled over another, and came down. I saved my head by dodging, but it caught me across the back, although I managed to make camp. The other one I never mentioned, even to my family. I left camp to cross the river alone, and had only gone a short distance out from the shore, when suddenly the ice gave way, and I went in to the shoulders. As the current was running strongly,



1. SCENE ON THE LITTLE CASCAPEDIA.
2. THE BIRDS AT HOME—Bonaventure Island.

things for the moment looked dark enough, when beneath my feet I found a rock, by means of which I threw myself on the solid ice, and leaning over recovered my axe, and returning to camp wrung the water from my clothes, and travelled all day.

"After the first few years although I went alone I was never lonely: indeed when spring came I was sorry to leave the companionship of Nature, which had been mine during the long months of winter. For many years I had one faithful companion:—my little dog, 'Toby.' I had taken him to the woods when quite young, and taught him the trapper's craft. I have often known him to find a trail on which he had been the preceding year. When overtaken by night and trying to make camp, I would say to my dog: 'Toby, go ahead, and lead the way to camp.' Looking up, he would obey at once. Often I have made camp, travelling through wooded land four or five miles by the aid of my dog. When tracing a line of traps Toby always delighted to be in the lead, and on reaching a trap containing game I saw the little dog waiting for me, wagging his tail and evidently more pleased than I was. As soon as the animal was removed, packed and the trap baited again, off went the dog, and thus all day. With the coming of night how often have I brushed up, and camped in the snow near the pack beneath the star-lit sky. Toby seemed perfectly aware of what was going on, for when my few preparations were completed, I usually lay down beside the fire, and Toby would come beside me, strip his teeth into a good imitation of a

smile and wait till I said: 'Here Toby!' Immediately he curled himself up beside me. In the spring he was equally ready for his place in the canoe for the homeward journey.

"Where did I usually carry on my operations? Up the Grand Cascapedia River, and Miner Brook in the forest leading to the Shick Shock Mountains. I know that part of the country well, for I am the only man, who ever crossed the country to the St. Lawrence from the Grand Cascapedia River, and I made five trips: the autumn is the best time for the journey.

"Did I like the life? Yes, it was a happy one and my heart's delight. It has been often said that of those who commence hunting in youth few ever quit it till they are old and gray-headed, and I am an illustration of the truth of the remark.

"During my life in the woods I learned to observe the face of the sky,—although there are times when all signs fail. Much alone with nature, thoughts naturally turn to Nature's God, and experiences of Providential care are regarded, lessons in observation are learned, and much opportunity given for thought and study."

As the voice ceased, I thoughtfully regarded my old-time trapper. True the hair was white upon his well shaped head, but the keen eye, intelligent countenance, erect lithe figure told their own tale of a well-spent life in God's great out-doors.

Some time after the above interview, Mr. Willett attempted to cross the river in a freshet, with a woman and child in the canoe. The woman, herself an expert canoest noticed the

lurching of the canoe, and saw that the old man's head had fallen on one side, with his arm in the water. Reaching for a paddle, she succeeded in pushing back to the shore, and by almost super-human effort laid him on the beach. It was all over—he had died on the river, where he had spent so many happy years, and which he loved so well.

6.—*The Land of the Moose*

The forests of the Gaspé Peninsula and northern New Brunswick abound in big game. Moose, caribou, and red deer are plentiful and in the open season sportsmen from many places, accompanied by guides spend several days in the pursuit of these animals.

Many and varied are the tales told in these districts of adventure in the chase. There are few who are not expert marksmen, and to many the forest paths are as familiar as are the city streets to others.

Henry Hurd a famous old bear hunter from the St. John, living up the Grand Cascapedia set off one day in his canoe in search of game. Arriving at the place, he tied the canoe, and rifle in hand set off to reconnoitre. He climbed a tree, when suddenly four moose appeared at its foot. Too late he saw the error of leaving his ammunition in the canoe, and there was only one bullet in the Mauzer, which however proved fatal to the foremost moose. The remaining three charged the tree, which fortunately was strong enough to resist their furious onslaught.

All night long the besiegers stuck to their post,

while the anxious prisoner vainly longed for the ammunition stored in the canoe. At six o'clock next morning they wandered off, and cramped with his long vigil Hurd hastened to descend. No sooner had he launched his little craft than in hot pursuit came the three moose. But fear gave speed to the paddle, and the current being in his favour he soon out-distanced his determined pursuers. Later, well supplied for possible surprises he returned and secured the moose.

Every boy has his ambition to shoot his moose. Two young men, Doddridge and Fallow sixteen and seventeen years of age set out one day with two days' provisions and one gun, for Brulé Meadow, nine miles to the rear of New Richmond. Arriving in the evening they made camp beside a stack of hay. The moose-calls, given at night and early morning having proved unavailing, they went in search, and had only gone a short distance, when behind a clump of bushes they came upon an immense bull-moose. Dodging, they watched his approach. Two shots were fired but only infuriated the moose, who charged the two lads, who however stood game, and the third shot striking him in the neck he turned to flee with the boys in sharp pursuit. Slowly, but surely they gained, till finally the moose fell. The prize was well worth the labour and danger, for the antlers had a spread of forty-two inches, and netted seventy-five dollars.

The mountain on the Grand Cascapedia at Indian Falls has been severely burned, leaving the side so bare, that a commanding view may be obtained from its slopes. The top however is

well-wooded, providing shelter for big game, while the bare sunny slope is a good feeding ground.

George Fallow set out alone, intending if possible to get a moose. Climbing the mountain, he saw in the fore-ground above him a moose, who also discovered the hunter. A gully intervened, and a strange appearance she presented as she stood gazing fixedly, silhouetted against the sky. Whether the cow communicated her observations to her lord or not, the hunter had no means of knowing, but a large bull-moose rose into view beside the cow upon the hill. Mr. Fallow's shot at five hundred yards broke the buck's leg. Almost immediately a second bull came into the game. Seeing that both bucks were black, Mr. Fallow knew that no easy task lay before him, for dark-coloured moose are usually bad-tempered and bold, and these were no exception to this rule. The cow moved away, and the second buck followed her, with the wounded moose bringing up the rear. The pursuer gained steadily on them till within forty yards, when the wounded moose turned, roaring madly with pain, and rage. A second shot, and the moose buried his head in the ground, while the breaking and tearing of roots was distinctly heard. Presently the mighty monarch of the forest lay low; and no small prize it was: the antlers measured fifty-two inches, and the web fourteen.

On another occasion, George Fallow, Gilbert McKenzie and Colin Montgomery, a lad of fifteen had gone up the Grand Cascapedia.

Leaving their camp at the mouth of Miner Brook, they reached a little lake in the vicinity of the large one. A large cow stood in the water eating pond lilies, which grow to great size and length in the lake, and are a favourite food of the moose. The animal put his head into the water, seized the plants and devoured them with evident relish. Seating themselves the men watched for half an hour. Ever and anon the moose lifted her head expectantly, and ere long a small sized bull, with fairly good antlers came slowly from the woods to the lake-side. Apparently he was suspicious, as he approached cautiously, stopping every twenty yards till he nearly reached the cow; then unexpectedly from amongst the tall grass at the head of the lake, a magnificent bull-moose accompanied by a spring's calf appeared on the scene, and placed himself between the cow and the young buck. All nature was still; the four moose, unsuspicious of danger stood in the little forest lake, surrounded by hills. It was a glimpse of nature, far from the haunts of men—of the "forest primeval." The spectators were struck with the beauty of the scene, and hesitated to intrude. However, the hunting instinct was too keen for the scene long to retain its peaceful aspect. Cautiously the two men and the boy stole around the head of the lake, but the ears of the big moose were alert, and he tried to escape. The stillness of the evening air was broken as rifle shots rang out and the family scene was changed, while young Colin returned triumphantly, bearing the head as a trophy of his first moose-hunt.

Somewhat different, and even more exciting was the experience of Clarence Burton and his younger brother Hugh. The former is a trusted guide of the woods, and for twenty-five years one of the guardians of the fishing privileges of the Little Cascapedia River. They set out, carrying a rope, rifles and ammunition, intending if possible to capture a caribou alive. Coming out on a lumber road, they spied a caribou a hundred yards ahead. Through Hugh's impetuosity the animal was alarmed, and ran off towards a high mountain. Clarence circumvented him, and the caribou faced Hugh who was closing in upon his track. Watching his opportunity, Hugh jumped upon his back with his brother in close pursuit. Throwing the animal upon his back in the snow, they soon had the rope around his neck and the real adventure now began. The frightened caribou jumped frantically in his mad efforts to get free. Off went the trio. Out on the main road the prisoner balked and faced his captors. Off his guard, Hugh was tumbled into the snow to be rescued by his brother. Turning the tables with great impartiality, it was soon Hugh's turn to rescue his fallen brother. Joining forces the brothers put the caribou down, handling him so roughly that for two miles he gave no trouble; after that the remembrance of his lesson faded and again he balked. Leaving Hugh on guard, Clarence went on to a lumber camp, where he obtained a hand-sleigh which was further enlarged with the addition of a door for a bottom board. The caribou was held upon the sleigh, and taking

turns they hauled him to the camp where they fastened him in the hay-shed, and next morning the portagers hauled him to Clarence's home, where he was fed upon moss: a two bushel bag full being a day's food. When spring came he was placed in a yard, where in time he grew so tame that he ran with the cows in the pasture, even coming up to Mrs. Burton to smell her hand. One evening in the fall the gate having been left open he wandered off.

Mr. Burton was at considerable outlay, but he assured me he never regretted either the trouble or expense,—having enjoyed the pursuit and capture immensely, and feeling amply repaid for all the care expended by the opportunity thus afforded to study his tame caribou.

The tales of adventure and the chase which are in the writer's power to add are far from being exhausted, but space forbids.

Pleasure and success with the choice of competent guides await those who search for big game in the Gaspé Peninsula and northern New Brunswick. Here are Nature's preserves over which roam the animals of the chase.

7.—The Phantom Ship of the Baie des Chaleurs

Among the legends of the Baie de Chaleurs the best known is that of the "Phantom, or the Burning Ship." Very realistic and fearsome are the versions of this fiery visitant, which frequents the bay,—being its own peculiar spectre. The entire bay is her preserve, but it would appear that she is partial to the south side as she is more frequently seen there than elsewhere.

The tale runs that once in the olden days, a pirate ship had been chased up the bay by a man-of-war, and taking fire had been burned to the water's edge, all on board perishing. At certain times, usually before a storm she appears: a ship on fire, rigging and hull enveloped in a mass of flames. She has been seen by many persons at different times, for evidently she loves to re-visit her old haunts. From Percé to Dalhousie she appears, and always as a square-rigged ship. On one occasion a number of men were returning from Jaquet River to New Richmond, and when three-quarters of the way across saw suddenly the Burning Ship sailing up the bay. To avoid collision they turned out of her course, and gave her the "right of way," and thus had a good view of her, and the sight was enough to frighten the stoutest heart among them, so weird was it. The ship was aflame, rigging, masts and hull. A man stood at the helm, and the sailors were running up and down, climbing the rigging, hither and thither. On the quarter-deck, clearly in view stood a beautiful woman, gazing straight ahead with extended arm, evidently giving orders, while above, beneath, and all around the ship was one seething mass of fire. She passed, and they resumed their course. At different points on the coast men have rowed out to investigate more closely, but always failed to reach her.

One Christmas Eve, some years ago the Roman Catholic congregation of Grand Anse, on their way to mid-night mass saw the ship, a square-rigged, under full sail on the ice, all on fire, and there are people still living who vouch

for the truth of this story. The same night at Petit Roche, the congregation also going to midnight mass saw her sail close into the shore and disappear. The old curé said that he knew of a place on the coast of Florida, where a burning ship had sailed ashore and vanished. Another time she stopped at Ellis Cove, Gloucester County, and being seen by people a mile away, they hastened to assist what they supposed was a ship in distress. The sailors were plainly visible, engaged at their various duties. The watchers saw a boat lowered, men enter, and row shorewards; half-way to land all vanished. On still another occasion, a captain on his way to Stonehaven saw the burning ship. On reaching harbour he told what he had seen,—a ship in distress, which when hailed returned no answer, although the two vessels were so close that he had seen the officers in blue uniform, leaning over the rail. An old lady in Janeville also claimed to have seen the Phantom one night in a blaze of fire sailing up the bay. She saw decks crowded with grand ladies and gentlemen, and it seemed as though a ball was in progress, as the ladies were all dressed in gold lace, and merrily the dance went on—the figure "eight" in the old-time dance. The ship did not enter the Cove, but as far up the bay as she was visible the happy crowd held high carnival.

One more tale: this was related to the writer by a man whose veracity I have every reason to believe unimpeachable. The seamen having landed freight at Grand Anse got underway at night. The crew included four men. When no farther

than a mile from shore, a large, black ship suddenly appeared on the starboard bow: lights burning on both sides. The captain called the watch to get the star-board light out, which was done and the course shifted by two and a-half points. As the ship seemed to maintain the same distance, the captain decided to pass in front of her. The wind was easterly and the speed about three knots. The captain filled on his course, and kept her on her star-board bow, and till twelve o'clock the stranger ran broadside. "Eight bells on deck" being called, the mate came up, who immediately cried out "Look out for the vessel! She'll be into us!" "No danger," replied the captain, "We sighted her at 8.30, and she has kept broadside ever since."

The mate had his orders to watch results, but nothing out of the way took place,—she kept on her course, with only one sail spread from the Royal Yard to the deck. Again the watch was changed, and he too saw the ship. No thought of the Phantom Ship entered any of their minds, but when day-light came nothing could be seen on the horizon.

With these variations is the tale told of the Phantom Ship of the Baie des Chaleurs: a story of the days of pirates and free-booters. Of late years her visits have been more infrequent, and probably to coming generations the burning ship will only be a tale that was told.

The Phantom Ship however is not the only spectre of the Baie des Chaleurs. Usually before an easterly storm, a fire known as "Roussie's Light" is seen at different places in the bay,

between the entrance and Petit Roche. The light has the appearance of a fire, three by four feet in extent, and through a glass resembles a fire of chips. A number of years ago, a priest substituting in Caraquet asked a dying man to tell him what he knew of the spectral light. The sick man told how he had followed the light, rowing over the place where it had appeared, and to his horror he heard groans as of persons in sore pain, intermingled with the rattling of chains.

The origin of the light is said to be as follows:

Two men crossing the bay in a schooner quarrelled and one killed the other. In the storm which arose later, the schooner was wrecked. In Shippegan a few pieces of a wreck is still pointed out as the remains of Roussie's schooner.

RESTIGOUCHE RIVER.—Near Matapedia.

PART VI

PIONEER LIFE ON THE GASPE COAST

Pioneer Days.—The Baie des Chaleurs Portage.

1.—*Pioneer Days*

After the Conquest wonderful stories were circulated in the British Isles of the new land across the sea, where gold could be obtained for the picking-up. Slowly at first, then in greater numbers emigrants sought the new country. For various reasons many settled on the shores of Baie des Chaleurs. These new comers: United Empire Loyalists, Scotch, English and Irish lived on terms of good fellowship with the French already in the country; all alike set to work to carve homes for themselves out of the wilderness. There were many advantages as well as drawbacks in this land of their adoption. Both land and sea responded richly to the attention given them. True great trees had to be cut down, from which little log cabins were built; the clearing was burned, planted and sown. The wife in addition to her housework: cooking, washing and the making and mending of clothes aided her husband in the field. The baby, wrapped in a blanket or shawl was carefully laid in a sheltered spot, while the mother planted or reaped side by side with her husband. Strong, hearty children grew up in the little log cabin, which after awhile gave place

to a larger house and barn. There was plenty of porridge, oat-cakes, milk, potatoes and pork to eat. The team of oxen was a source of pride to the pioneer, and in winter huge logs were hauled to be burned in the big chimney. The story is told that the lack of horns on the first horse seen in one district was a great surprise to the children. The log-houses and barns were flanked by stacks of grain and hay, and far inland extended dense forests wherein roamed the large and more dangarous denizens of the woods. Sometimes the farmer was poorer by the loss of a sheep, carried off by Bruin. The thumping of the home-made loom during the day, and the whir of the spinning wheel far into the night told their own tales of warm clothing for the family, supplied by the willing and capable mother. The little room was lighted by the tallow dip and the light from the great logs in the fire place, where the flames danced and roared up the chimney often made of mud.

The clearings increased in size, and occasionally the bush-fires of the settlers spread beyond control. One such incident, still remembered by the older people will suffice to illustrate the dangers and losses these people endured.

An exceptionally early spring had cheered the hearts of the pioneers in eastern Quebec. On the northern shore of the Restigouche River they were beginning to get underway. Slowly the forest was receding and where once stood maple, spruce and birch trees, rich in their luxuriant growth, the earnest of the comfortable homes of to-day was arising. Already the crops were through the

ground, and even to this day that year is still known as the "Early Spring."

The daughter of one of the pioneers had a long walk before her: the eldest of the family she had often to do the work of both son and daughter. She had been born in Scotland, her parents emigrating when she was seven years old. When we remember that Campbellton was fully fifteen miles distant and was the usual market-place, we can perhaps better understand how great an undertaking it was to go to town, with a basket of eggs in one hand, and one of butter in the other. The morning was beautifully fine on the fifth of May, 1847, when she set out. The sweet scent of spring was in the air: everything was delightfully green when by and by the sun rose. The dew sparkled on the blades of grass, the fronds of the ferns, the leaves of the trees, and the myriad of green things on every hand.

When she was ready to return, she found that a hurricane was blowing, and that vast masses of smoke were rolling up river. Nearly frantic with anxiety she implored the ferryman in vain to put her across. A battle, hot and fearful was raging through the forest, near the settlement, and scarcely anything was spared: crops, fences and buildings were all destroyed, and the forest a hideous, blackened waste. Reaching home the next day, the traveller found that her home had escaped, and was full to over-flowing with the homeless neighbours.

Methods of travel were very primitive. The journey of two of the old settlers from New Richmond to Quebec and return by the Kempt Road,

with trusty mare and Cabriolet (or Cabrouette, as it was invariably pronounced on the Baie des Chaleurs), is still remembered. One is still to be seen in good condition over eighty years old. The first waggon purchased in New Richmond is still remembered: the old vehicle, with its good wood and leather springs held its own for many years, only disappearing a few years ago.

As settlers became more numerous they naturally turned their thoughts to church matters; the dearth of opportunities for the worship of God was a grief to those who had been accustomed to the ordinances of religion from childhood. The Church Missionary Society of London, England deserves great credit for the work which its ministers did in those early days in the district, now comprising Gaspé and Bonaventure counties. But Protestant and Roman Catholic alike felt the need of places of worship. Considering the scarcity of money the churches built were very comfortable; those who had no money brought lumber, while all gave personal labour.

In the early days people went regularly to church: long distances too; those who did not walk rode cheerfully in a cart. At church they listened to lengthy, vigorous and practical sermons. The children were drilled in the Bible and the Shorter Catechism, besides the paraphrases and psalms of which the one hundred and nineteenth psalm was one of the portions more or less cheerfully committed to memory. As may be supposed, there were out-lying districts, which only received occasional visits from the pastor. On one occasion, the

minister had gone to baptise a family, where the members were numerous. Two of the children being unable to comprehend the prceedings deemed flight the better part of valour, and took to the woods. Missing them, the father drew the minister's attention to the fact that there were two more if he could find them. Search, however proved ineffectual: the thoroughness of the escape was manifested in later years, for when one of the two run-a-ways wished to be married he found that the long-delayed ceremony must first be performed. One is struck by the fact, that far from church privileges as those parents were, they reverenced the ordinances of the church, and desired their children to participate in them.

The school-house and teacher of those days are worthy of mention. The boy and girl of to-day in the well-appointed school-room would stare at the building of sixty or seventy years ago. The low log building in the heart of the bush dimly lighted, the great stove in the centre belching forth heat, the long desks carved with innumerable hieroglyphics ranged against the wall on both sides, and the equally long benches devoid of back or support of any kind were familiar sights to the boys and girls of that period. Little wonder if backs grew tired, and elbows and bodies were thrown upon the desk in search of a more comfortable position. As separate schools were unknown, all attended the same school, irrespective of creed. They were happy, fun-loving, eager, bright-eyed, clad alike in homespun garments, warranted to keep out the cold.

Over all presided, too often a rough, cruel man, whose object appeared to be to live up to the maxim: "No lickin', no larnin'." Woe betide the unhappy urchin, who presented himself with an unprepared lesson. Mercilessly upon his head, back, arms and legs descended the master's cane, while the others laughed or trembled, according to their courage or lack of it. The story was current in one district of a teacher describing the rat-infested cellar and arraying a little girl with the horns and tail of an ox, and preparing to put the terrified child into the cellar, when the door opened to admit her father! Stories are still handed down of occasional outbreaks on the part of the more courageous.

One woman, now of mature years created a sensation one day at school. Infuriated by the master's bullying, she smashed his eye-glass with the slate, which she threw with unerring aim and slamming the door behind her, she departed, leaving the despoiled teacher ruefully regarding the broken glass. Another time this same teacher amused himself, switching the bare legs of the boy, whose copy-book he was considering. Presently the lad retaliated by grasping vigorously the master's hair, as the latter again bent his head over the book. The man who delighted to inflict pain screamed lustily to be released. Another teacher had an unique way of dismissing his pupils. Those nearest the door made a dash for liberty: the reason of their abrupt departure was soon manifest. Cane in hand, the teacher reached the struggling crowd jammed in the entrance. With great impartiality he belaboured them, while

the single injunction "Fair and aisy, boys, fair and aisy"! fell upon their ears. Perhaps it is not surprising that in an incredibly short time "school was out".

Deeds of cruelty were by no means uncommon. The great human brute, often too drunk to know what he was doing, abused, the defenceless children under his control. An old man related how his terror of his teacher was so great that the lesson known perfectly at home, escaped his memory entirely when called upon to recite. The parents accustomed to the obedience and severity of the old land held their peace.

Occasionally a teacher appeared, whose delight it was to impart knowledge; then rapid strides were made in the three "Rs," which comprised the curriculum of those scholastic days.

At home children were brought up to "be seen and not heard." The "What," "Yes" and "No," of the present-day child were unheard of. Reverence for religion, and respect for seniors were inculcated. If they fled when the minister came, they were speedily hunted up. and standing in line were faithfully catechised.

In the pioneer days letters were received only at long intervals, and were an expensive luxury. A great step was taken when arrangements were made by which mail arrived once in two weeks, to be gradually succeeded by bi and tri-weekly visits, till at last the present service was secured. Those who grumble to-day at the often bad condition of our roads do not realize how our fathers travelled. Often little more than a blazed trail led along the bank of the river or bay. Even after

the highway was opened, travelling was toilsome and slow; in winter particularly, only those who were compelled made long journeys. The advent of the steamer in spring was hailed with delight.

Although much hard work fell to the lot of the pioneers, they had their seasons of jollity too. New Year's Day among the Scotch was a day of feasting and visiting. Eagerly the complexion of the first comer or "first foot" was scanned, for on this depended the household luck for the ensuing year. Christmas Day was not held in so great repute among the Scotch pioneers as to-day, although Protestant and Roman Catholic often attended mid-night mass. Thanksgiving Day was unknown to the pioneers on the Baie des Chaleurs, but Hallowe'en was warmly welcomed. Strenuous efforts were made to have the harvest and root-crops stored before the thirty-first of October. Then for one night care was cast to the winds, and the young folk enjoyed themselves heartily. Merry groups gathered together, amusing each other with tale, jest and song. Blindfolded pairs sought the cabbage patch where decapitated stalks awaited the onslaught. Congratulations, or jeers and laughter were lavished, according to results. Nuts were burned, dishes filled with water, a three-fold circuit was made of the grain-stack, diving for apples, a salt egg or herring eaten before retiring were some of the means by which the youths of the pioneer days, sought to pierce the future. Usually the night ended with a dance which extended into "All Saints". As they wended their way home in the morning hours, perchance the more credulous

speculated how much of truth there was in the old stories of fairies who rode on horseback, and travelling Brownies, more disposed to work than play.

I think we often forget that in most instances the separation of those first settlers from home and friends was final. The long, dreadful voyage in a sailing vessel was never repeated, so loved ones met no more on this side of time. The heart-longing of those exiles is well illustrated by the following anecdote: a woman whose heart turned to the land of the heather voiced her feelings thus: "Were I home again, with my two hands on the door-post, they might pull my arms from the shoulders, but I would never let go." Yet this woman bravely faced the difficulties of her lot, buried the longing for mother and friends, and with indomitable courage helped to make a home in the new land so far from the old. To-day two of her grand-sons fill influential pulpits, and have been honoured by their fellow-men by having important, wide-extending duties committed to their hands.

In the early days great numbers of sugar-maple trees reared their lofty tops into the sky. It was quite a common occurrence for a man to obtain permission from one or two farmers, whose land adjoined, to convert the sap of their sugaries into sugar and molasses—payment being made in those articles. When the sugar-making was well under way the young people paid a visit to the sugar-camp, around which the snow had all been cleared away. The process of boiling sugar began about six o'clock in the evening, and con-

tinued all night. The camp was rude and rustic enough. From a wooden crane, hung in front of the fire, three huge pots were suspended. These had been filled with sap from the barrels standing near. In the early morning the men had gone on the crust with a sleigh, upon which was placed two or three barrels drawn by two large dogs. An incision had been made in the bark of the tree, and a wooden spile or pipe inserted in the opening. On the ground below was placed a birch-bark vessel or casseau, for the reception of the sap which runs freely at that season of the year. These casseaux were of various sizes, from one-half to two gallons capacity. The sap was gathered in the morning.

When enough was gathered to "sugar off," a night's boiling was in course. The average quantity received from each tree was a barrel of sap which made about ten pounds of sugar. A substantial lunch was always served, and the keen air of the night gave edge to the appetites. The old sugar-maker joined a group on one occasion, finishing his lunch by "licking the platter clean." As the night wore on, the boiling sap was tested often to note its progress. A large clean snow-ball was dexterously dipped into the boiling fluid, which hardening was speedily transferred to their mouths. Or dishes of the hot, sweet liquid were handed to the guests, who poured it upon the snow where it soon hardened into taffy. Yet again the group surrounding as close as possible the "*chaudron*" of boiling sugar, and each being supplied with a wooden paddle, they licked out of the same pot.

Fortunately those were the days, before microbes troubled the inhabitants of this far-off corner of Eastern Quebec. The individual cup was unnecessary. Every one ate to satiety, unmindful who dipped before or after.

An amusing incident, showing that in Gaspesia as elsewhere, boys had a sweet tooth sixty years ago is vouched for by a person whose veracity is undoubted.

In New Richmond, a half-grown lad accompanied by three younger brothers set out for Cuthbert's Mill to bring home the grist, and the little lad in the neighbouring home was most anxious to go with them. His mother, being accustomed to have her little son follow the other boys around the farm, did not think to ask where they were going.

Johnnie (this name will do as well as any other) has made many journeys since that September afternoon two generations past, but no undertaking was ever quite so wonderful as that ride with the "boys." Reaching the shore the younger lads were left at the store, while the elder brother went to the mill.

It so happened that a large molasses puncheon, with an open end had been rolled around the corner of the store.

There was still a lot of the sweet, thick molasses-sugar sticking to the sides and bottom of the cask.

Having received permission from a passing clerk, the four young lads, armed with pieces of broken shingles attacked the puncheon. In those days a cloth known as "Melton" was much worn,

and the little boys were dressed in clean, white suits of this material. The outer rim of the cask was soon scraped clean, and as the sugar disappeared, the boys penetrated farther into the cask's sweet recesses. Once Johnnie and one of the twins stuck fast in the puncheon, and the other two boys pulled them out by the feet. Unable to eat more, the boys hit upon the happy plan of filling their pockets with the hard sugar, which they rolled into lumps, and stuffed away for future use.

At last big brother arriving with the grist, stared in amazement at the sight of his passengers—faces, hands, clothing, all were smeared with molasses. It would be hard to find a dirtier, stickier, happier lot of boys than the four who climbed into the cart amidst the laughter of the driver and the clerks. The boys found that well-filled pockets had their disadvantages: they could not sit down, and so were compelled to ride home, holding on the sides of the cart and each other. Ever and anon, big brother would burst into laughter, but the only drawback to their pleasure was that the heat of the air and of their bodies melted the sugar stored in their pockets, and ere long the molasses began to trickle down, adding to their general stickness.

A quarter of a mile from home, Johnnie's nearly distracted mother met the travellers. One glance showed her that her boy was safe, and also revealed the situation. Her sense of humor overcame her, and saved Johnnie. Joining big brother in uncontrollable laughter, she finally climbed into the cart, and rode home with the sticky crowd.

SCENE NEAR MATAPEDIA.

A little later Johnnie regretfully saw his trousers, whose pockets contained so much precious sweets carried off to be washed, while he was scrubbed within an inch of his life.

Times have changed: manners, customs, and legends of pioneer days are now of the past. A new race is arising; how they will fulfil the obligations resting upon them remains to be seen. One thing is sure, no mean heritage will be theirs, who resist the lure of the west, preferring to till the soil their ancestors wrested from the forest. In one respect the people of to-day remain unchanged. Like their fathers they are careful to obey the Divine injunction to "entertain strangers." They keep a meal, a bed and a welcome for all who choose to avail themselves of the privilege.

From these homes too, in the hour of the Empire's need, brave sons have willingly gone forth to fight, and if need be die as Britain calls. Plainly these Canadian children to the third and fourth generation have ingrained in their hearts love to the mother-land from whence came their pioneer ancestors.

2.—*The Baie des Chaleurs Portage*

Half a century ago in the District of Gaspé the inhabitants of the various settlements, with few exceptions raised only enough beef for their own consumption. There was no outside market, and little if any demand, as it was not then used in the lumber-woods—pork being the staple.

With the advent of the I. C. R. a brighter day dawned for the Baie des Chaleurs country, for at last there was a market, and work with good wages. When winter came the vessels carrying supplies were no longer available. The workmen employed must be fed; so the supplies were drawn by horses the whole extent of the county. A man who was one of the earliest portagers to the I. C. R. works at Matapedia, gave me this interesting story:

"I remember," said he, replying to my request for an account of the hardships and dangers attendant on trading and trafficking, at one time an important business in the Baie des Chaleurs country: "once travelling in company with an ex-sea-captain. While on the ice we were overtaken by a heavy snow-storm. The horses had all they could do to draw their loads, while we trudged behind, up to our knees in snow. The captain warned, 'we must keep the wind on our quarter, or we'll never reach the town.' Following his advice we reached our destination safely, while another man wandered on the ice till morning. At another time, alone with two horses, being unable to proceed farther I left them and went on a-quarter of a mile for help. Only their heads were visible above the drift on my return. I have seen the snow so deep in Carleton, that we drove over the telegraph wire, and to raise the wire it was necessary to add pieces to the poles. Often in spring when the roads were soft with five or six feet of snow, it was no easy task to get along, and frequently tested the mettle of our best Canadian horses.

"Yes, there was much cold and suffering attendant upon this work. I am not likely to forget the sickness by which I was attacked on one of these expeditions. Arriving at my destination, some ten miles above Matapedia, I found all the bunks in the shack full, so had to sleep upon the floor in which there were wide seams. In the morning my throat was so sore that I at once set off for Dalhousie, forty miles away, where I arrived before night. I found the old French doctress, Mrs. Arsenault at Bon Ami, near Dalhousie. She was a short, mediumly slight, old French woman, gifted with a wonderful knowledge of healing, for which all summer long she gathered herbs, and roots from the fields, concocting therefrom her winter's supply of medicine. She made no charge: payment being left to the generosity of the patient. The first thing she did for me was to prepare a drink of clove tea, which I promptly declared I could not swallow. 'Oh, yes!' She said, 'You try.'

"Putting a finger behind my jaw-bone, on each side, she made a firm pressure, and down went the clove tea. That was the beginning of a month's treatment, for I had a serious illness, but the ministrations of the famous old woman-doctor of Dalhousie were succesful.

"One incident more: why I thought I had talked long enough. Let me see. About twenty-five years ago my old friend the ex-sea-captain and I left for Gascons to bring up loads of fresh cod and herring, which were still plentiful, although it was Christmas week.

"The day was very cold, but the roads were in pretty good condition with only a foot of snow, but a heavy west wind was blowing and the severe cold and drifting snow made very uncomfortable travelling. We only reached Bonaventure the first day, where we were glad to spend the night. Next morning we pushed on with the weather much the same till we reached St. Godfroy, when we were shivering, notwithstanding our warm sleigh robes. Suddenly my companion exclaimed:

'There's something comin!'

'Is it a ship, captain?' I enquired.

'We'll hail him anyway,' was the reply.

"There on an open sleigh, seated upon a barrel of frozen fish—the sleigh entirely bare of rug or wrapper of any kind—with one of those old Scotch bonnets, which were so common some years ago sat Charley Woods, the full-blooded negro from near New Carlisle, apparently perfectly happy and contented, facing that gale of ice-laden wind.

"'Hello, Charley, friend! Are you cold?' cried my companion.

"'Hello, my two brudders! Where are you going? Not cold to-day.' 'Where did you come from Charley? Did you meet many people on the road to-day?' 'From Port Daniel, and you two are the first I met to-day. Not bad day; don't see why nobody on road to-day; well, so-long my brudders.' Off he started his horse in the face of that biting west wind. Both the captain and I were dark men, and as we pushed on with the wind in our backs, the captain re-

flected awhile, ere he voiced his thought. Finally he observed with a laugh: 'The only difference between a negro and two dark men is that he can face the storm, while we have to run before it!' "

My friend paused: resuming in a reminiscent tone:

"That ex-sea-captain was a wonderful man in many ways. He had most wonderful powers of endurance in his hands. Frequently have I seen him throw his mitts upon the snow, while with bare hands, and the mercury twenty degrees below zero he laced an iron tug with a rope.

"When I remonstrated with him for subjecting his hands to such exposure, he calmly replied:

' "It's cold, but not so cold as I have seen on the banks of Newfoundland. I wish I had your feet and my hands; then I would not be afraid to challenge even Charley Woods.' Poor fellow! He has passed away.

"The long portage along the Baie des Chaleurs is of the past; passengers and freight are carried by rail, and to me belongs the honour of shipping by train the first load of beef sent out of New Richmond. I had endured my share of exposure, and was only too thankful that an easier and speedier mode of transportation had reached the northern shore of the Baie des Chaleurs."

PART VII

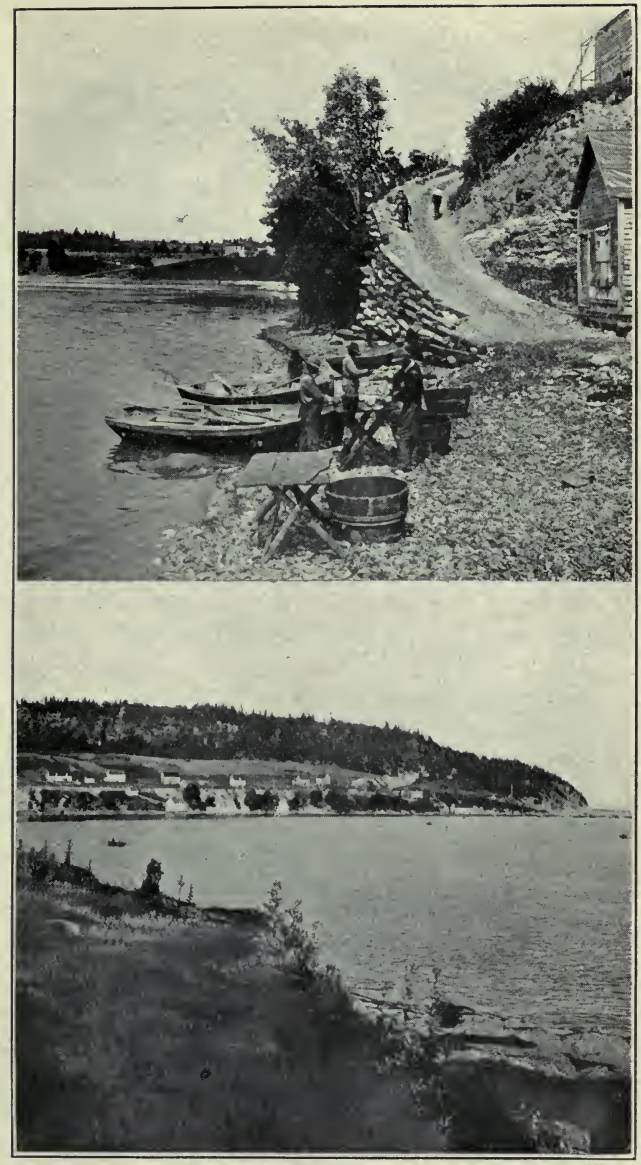
DRIVING THE MAIL

(The tale of the early postal service in the Gaspé Peninsula).

In the early days there were no roads in the Peninsula of Gaspé: only a trail led through the forest and along the sea shore; thus journeys from one place to another were toilsome and slow.

The mail service was of necessity very inadequate. I wonder if the most optimistic of the early pioneers ever dreamed that the postal service in this out of the way corner of Lower Canada would be frequent and regular.

The first post-office of which there is any record in Gaspé Peninsula was at Carleton, in 1796, and bore the some-what extensive name of "Bay of Chaleur." The mail was brought once a year by a courier from Fredericton, N. B. His route lay up the Nashwalk, down the Miramichi River to its mouth, along the Gulf shore to Dalhousie, and across to Bay of Chaleur, whose postmaster in 1805 was J. B. Mann. Next came Gaspé with a post-office in charge of Henry Johnson: in 1819 the name became Douglastown. Matters were progressing when in 1829 the welcome news became known that "mails for Bay of Chaleur and Gaspé would be sent two or three times during the winter by special expresses." Hitherto, letters had been sent by schooners or other vessels going from Quebec to the Peninsula. This special



1. PORT DANIEL.—The way to the wharf.
2. PORT DANIEL EAST.

service ceasing to be satisfactory in 1835, John LeBoutillier applied for a regular postal service between Bay of Chaleur and Gaspé Basin. In 1831 a weekly mail had been started between Dalhousie and Paspebiac. To an Indian named "Noel the Post" belongs the honour of conveying the first mail from the St. Lawrence by way of Matapedia in 1833. He carried it through the woods on his back, across the Big Lake of Matapedia in a canoe, thence along the shore, as there was no road to Miguasha, where he delivered it to Mr. Kerr, who took it on to Dalhousie. In 1838 a new route was opened by way of Metis and the Forks of the Matapedia. Brochu contracted for a weekly service. Later, a road was made around the lake. The courier travelled on foot, making the journey in two days each way: the only path a trail through the woods: the monotony of which was relieved by the homes of two settlers. In winter the courier donned snowshoes. Dogs were put on the route when Mr. George Dickson took the contract, which he filled most satisfactorily for twenty-two years by way of the Kempt Road. At Matapedia Lake a man made a business of catching rabbits to feed the mail-dogs, and so successful were his trapping operations that one spring, so runs the tale, he had three hundred in his barn, after the dogs were fed!

The long and lonely trail was often the scene of tragedies, as on one occasion when crossing the Matapedia Lake a squall struck the canoe; one man was drowned, the other succeeded in holding to the canoe, which floated ashore, saving the mail. Another time the courier saw a snowshoe,

protruding from a bank of drifted snow, and investigation revealed the body of an unknown woman. Again a crippled man was found dead on the road. The heaped boughs indicated that he had struggled heroically but vainly for life. Fashioning a casket of birch-bark, the couriers buried him, leaving the wooden crutch to mark the lonely grave in the heart of the great wood.

Among the early couriers was a one-armed Scotchman, named John Howie, who carried the mail in his waistcoat pocket. He lived with his brother at Caplin, who is still remembered for the multitude of pigs he kept, and allowed to run wild. When one was required, the old man would go to the door, and cry: "A—hoo! A—hoo!" Pigs of all sizes speedily answered his call: the older ones being savage as bears. Once a neighbour, David Kerr went to help him to butcher. The pig was wild and ferocious, and to old Howie the man appeared over-cautious. Looking scornfully at him he observed: "You're a big man, but I think you're a bit cooardish."

Mr. Cracken, doing business at Bonaventure with store and mill, interested himself in the postal service, and through his efforts Archibald Kerr of Ayr, Scotland and his family settled in Bonaventure. Mr. Kerr was the first mail-contractor in the Gaspé Peninsula, conveying the mail with the aid of his sons from Dalhousie to Port Daniel, a distance to-day of nearly one hundred miles, and which in those days must have been much longer, because of the detours the traveller was compelled to make.

For many years "Archie" Kerr was a well-known figure in the Baie des Chaleurs country, as in his knee-breeches, with the mail on his back he hurried on his way. The mail bag itself was unique: made of extra heavy canvass, bound around with red leather, heavily fitted with staples and padlock, and strong arm-straps, by which it was slung upon the courier's back; it was both imposing and capacious, for it held about a bushel.

One of his sons—William—when only fourteen years old, carried the mail from Black Cape to Port Daniel—51 miles. There were neither roads or bridges, and only one house between Black Cape and Bonaventure—fully sixteen miles of dense forest. In order to cross the Bonaventure River it was necessary to ascend the stream for a considerable distance, and by means of two spruce trees a crossing was effected. The poor lad suffered both cold and hunger. In winter the courier travelled with snow-shoes till dogs were pressed into service. In those days storms were very severe, it being no uncommon occurrence for all travelling to be stopped for three days in succession. On one occasion, so severe was the storm, that the courier was obliged to seek shelter: all that offered was a dwelling-house, and this the hospitable French owner opened to admit not only the mail-driver, but also his horse.

The usual journey by foot of David Kerr was from Black Cape to Port Daniel. Once on a trial trip he returned the same day to Hopetown, in all to-day, a distance of sixty-six miles: then much longer. He made a record but his physical condition the following day did not tempt a repetition.

At Port Daniel the courier from Gaspé met the one from the west, like others on snowshoes. The usual trip per day was from Port Daniel to Percé, a distance of fifty miles. From Gaspé to Quebec, the mail was carried via the St. Lawrence on snowshoes.

One of the earlier couriers on this part of the route was Edward Synnett. He made one journey during the winter, as much as eighty-five years ago, following the shore. Once he made a record journey of fifty-four miles from Magdalin River to Griffin Cove, accompanied by an Indian, who boasted that he would sleep at home that night, but collapsed at Fox River, six miles from the destination, and the white man struggled on alone.

The couriers sought shelter in camps and rude shacks along the route, their wages being paid by merchants from Gaspé to Port Daniel.

Nicholas Mullen, one of the earliest mail-carriers took a month in winter to cover the ground. The couriers from east and west went to Mr. Lauder's in Port Daniel: the first to arrive awaiting the coming of the other. In later days when horses were on the route, Mullen was due to leave Port Daniel on his return home at twelve o'clock at night, and made a practice to take his breakfast before going to bed.

In 1839, Benjamin Patterson contracted to carry the mails between Gaspé Basin and Port Daniel, making the return journey in eight days. For the greater part of the way the only path was along the sea-beach, when the trail led through the woods it was no more than three feet wide, and all the rivers were unbridged.

CLIFFS OF PERCE.

There were no stamps or envelopes; the price was stamped on the letter, which was folded and sealed; prices varied from fifteen pence to three shillings for old country letters. In 1851, the mail service was pretty well established. Between Metis and Campbellton was George Dickson; Cross Point and Percé, Archibald Kerr; Percé and Gaspé Basin, Abraham Patterson. These three services continued for many years. The first mentioned was changed to Ste. Flavie and Campbellton in 1867, to be discontinued on the opening of the Intercolonial Railway, July 3rd, 1867. George Dickson was succeeded from 1867 to 1872 by the Messrs. Fraser on the opening of the Matapedia Road. The second division was changed from Campbellton to Percé in 1860 and again to Paspebiac in 1873, while David Kerr (son of the original contractor) controlled the service from Campbellton to Paspebiac till July, 1879, when F. C. Cyr took control. The third division was performed by Abraham Patterson from 1851 to 1872, when he was succeeded by Messrs. Tapp. and Leggo. Death removed Contractor Cyr from the second division, but through the instrumentality of friends along the coast and in authority, his widow, Mrs. Annie Cyr was allowed to perform the service, which she did with satisfaction till 1895, when the mail was taken over by the railway. The third division has had many changes, but finally it too was taken over by the railway in 1911.

The present postmaster of Gaspé remarked that when he first took charge, the bulk of the mail came from Quebec by Gulf port steamers once a

week, and he spoke of the wonderful increase in quantity during a generation. One daily mail to-day of fifteen or twenty sacks is heavier than the weekly mails of that time.

Many and varied were the experiences of the mail-couriers in this cold district of Gaspé in the olden days. When we remember the conditions, we can imagine how much of suffering and hardship were attendant upon the conveyance of the mail. One of the early couriers, plying between Gaspé and Cape de Rosier had large feet, wearing number eleven boots. At each stride he covered a distance of one and a-half yards. Many years of toilsome tramping with his H. M. mail upon his back left their mark upon him; finally he was unable to straighten himself, and his head had acquired the habit of continual bowing. When the old man died, his coffin was larger than common, because of the poor, twisted body, deformed and worn out on the weary postal trail.

The heroism often exercised in the preservation of the mail, and the infrequency of accident and loss to the precious cargo was most wonderful. But notwithstanding every care, occasionally the mail was lost as once at Pabos River when horse, sleigh and mail disappeared in the greedy, angry waters. Faithful adherence to duty was a characteristic of the mail drivers. One courier who "went on the mail," when only a boy of twelve years, and continued at the task for over a decade, was no exception to the rule. He had no pleasing experience on the ice of Nouvelle Barachois, being overtaken by a furious storm of wind and snow. Everything, the mail included was blown out of

the sleigh, but through the long, cold hours of that winter night Robert Kerr remained beside the horse. When morning came, having dug out the mail half-frozen he pushed on. Another time, seeking to avoid possible open places in the ice of Carleton, he was only warned in time of the greater danger by the sound of the open sea near by. Sometimes the protection of the mail was attended with considerable risk, as in 1892, when Driver Goulette, (who by the way was a very powerful man, it being no uncommon feat to raise a fifty-six pound weight above his head on his little finger) was accosted one night by two men at the Governor's Road, New Richmond. One man seized the horse by the head, while the other ordered the driver to hold up his hands, and proceeded to cut the mail-bags. Goulette remembered that he was driving the famous "Diamond," who previous to his becoming an automaton on the mail route was never driven except with a Liverpool chain-bit. Of two things he was certain: first, if he could get a straight right-hander at the man on the mail-bags it would be a sufficiently effective anaesthetic to put him temporarily out of the game; and again if he could get one cut of the whip at "Diamond", it would at least be no boy's job, either to keep him stationary, or to accompany him on his journey. It was a dangerous experiment, but Goulette was sufficiently courageous and faithful to his duty to attempt it. As the man who was operating on the mail-bags was at his left side, he quietly lowered his right hand, under cover of the darkness, and dealt the would-be robber such a blow

that he left the skin of two of his knuckles somewhere to mark the spot. Grasping the whip, as nearly instantaneously as a man of Goulette's dimensions could move, he brought it down upon his faithful horse with such force that only a few inches of the handle remained in his grasp. Diamond did the rest, and Goulette always wondered how the man at the bridle would explain what happened. The Government gave the courier a bonus of fifty dollars for his brave defence of Her Majesty's property.

So accustomed were the mail horses to the road that Augustus Kerr's old "Bob" would trot over the road in the spring, when farmers would not think of taking their horses out of the barns.

Once, a driver during a storm had missed the post-office and decided to let it pass, so rolling himself in the sleigh robes he settled to sleep. The horse, however knew his business; entering a yard he turned, and the driver was awakened by the stopping of the horse at the neglected office.

At another time the mail being late, the courier requested the traveller ahead of him to give him the right-of-way. This being refused, the courier demanded the road for H. M. mail. Still the man persisted in his churlishness. Without more ado, the mail-horse took the road and sped on its way, leaving the discomfitted traveller to get his overturned and wrecked cutter into shape as best he could.

It was no uncommon occurrence for Courier Joseph Meredith, unable to get on because of the condition of the roads, to put up his horse in the barn of a hospitable farmer and with the

mail-bag upon his back trudge a mile and a-half to Carleton post-office, and back to his horse. The inhabitants did their best to keep an open road. Even the parish priest, Rev. Mr. Audet, more than once in Carleton joined the workers, shovel in hand, in the endeavour to force a passage for the mail.

Old Mr. Kerr would send his son, David to Dalhousie from Miguasha, giving him a dollar and a-quarter to pay for a horse and meal. With an eye to the future, the lad saved the money by walking. At the end of the year the boy counted his bills, and found he had enough to cover his bed. Calling his mother he showed her his spread. Struck with terror the poor woman cried: "Oh, Lord, Davie! You've robbed the mail!"

"No mother," he replied. "That's what I got by carrying the mail on my back, instead of with a horse."

Occasionally the courier was the victim of a practical joke, as when David Kerr having a lawyer for passenger, took from his pocket a silver dollar, and asked the man of law its value. Pocketing the coin the lawyer remarked "You just owe me a shilling for my advice."

The experiences of Daniel Thompson of New Carlisle, now an old man, illustrate very forcibly the hardships endured, and the difficulties overcome by the early mail-drivers. One day the Gaspé Mail brought a passenger for Pabos, a young woman who asked Courier Thompson to give her a passage up the bay. The roads being in bad condition the result of a storm, the courier tried to persuade her to wait till his next regular

trip. But she would not listen to him, and secured a passage with another man. The poor girl was scantily clad, and nearly frozen on the open sleigh when she reached Newport, where the mail stopped to feed both man and horse. Ere long he overtook the travellers. The snow was so deep that it was half way up the horse's sides. Scarcely able to speak, the woman cried: "Mr. Thompson! For God's sake, take me on your sleigh to save my life." Removing her from the empty sleigh, and wrapping her in his fur coat he covered her with the two buffalo robes, she shivering the while like an aspen leaf. There were still five, heavy, weary miles to travel to a house in Gascons, where she was warmed and fed. The journey was resumed to Port Daniel, where the night was spent and horses changed. Meantime the poor courier had nearly perished for the want of his coat. This passage, like many others with the Gaspé mail was free.

On another occasion, Mr. Thompson left D. Kerr's in Caplin in the morning, risking one night's ice, with the ferryman as pilot. Reaching the channel, horse, sleigh, men and mail disappeared in the treacherous water. So suddenly did the ice give way that the men were thrown forward, breaking the dashboard. Clinging to the horse's legs and harness they scrambled out. In order to save the mail he reached one of the straps, and finally cut the two bags clear and threw them on the ice, while the other man, although still in the water held up the horse's head. Help came from the shore, the men were rescued with a rail, the horse choked with a rope

and taken out of the water. By this time poor Thompson was so exhausted with cold and fatigue that he could make no further effort. Taken ashore he was saved by rubbing and warm applications. The mail went on: it was hauled by hand across the Bonaventure River. Again at Point Macquereau portage, so furious was the storm that in fourteen hours the mail had only accomplished an equal numbers of miles. Every few rods the courier was compelled to unhitch and dig his horse out of the snow, dragging the sleigh and mail, tramping the road and trying to push on. In vain he looked for help: he was the only traveller. In a pitiable state he reached Mr. Jessup's at Newport.

"Take care of my horse!" he cried. "My feet are in a terrible state!"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Jessup worked over him for two hours trying to save his feet; so intense was the pain that only with difficulty could he restrain a cry of agony. During the remainder of the winter he was unable to wear either boots or mocassins.

One spring the roads were so bad that Thompson left his horse at Newport, and crossed in a flat-bottomed boat to Pabos, where he was met with the Percé mail. Fastening it on his back Thompson tramped through four feet of water, till it became too deep to walk: then he crawled slowly and carefully along on his hands, dragging the mail-bags nearly three hundred yards. Shouldering the mail he reached a house, and persuaded the inmate to carry the mail to Newport Islands, promising him twenty-five cents and a "fig" of

tobacco in remuneration, while cold and dripping as he was, he tried to follow.

The experiences of Hugh Ross were of a different character, but with an interest of their own. One clear moon-lit night he was driving merrily through Maria, conversing with a passenger, when his attention was arrested by the immense size of a man who had stepped aside to allow him to pass. He appeared to tower nearly eight feet above the sleigh. Questioning the postmaster at the next office, he learned that there were reports of the strange doings of an unknown man of great strength: the rough handling experienced by two strong Irishmen who sought to interview him had resulted in three weeks' illness on their part, while the identity of their assailant remained a mystery.

Another time passing through the Indian Reservation of Maria, he took his bugle in one hand and his loaded revolver in the other, and giving his horse the line came through "on the fly," while blast followed blast from his bugle. He saw nothing but he knew there was danger abroad by the actions of the dogs, as barking, jumping and howling they strove frantically to break into the houses. He still believes that something uncanny visited the Mission that night!

On another occasion he tried unsuccessfully to out-distance an Indian, who persisted in keeping close to the wagon. The man was lame, hobbling with the aid of two sticks, but urge his horse as he would the Indian reached the destination at the same time. How he succeeded in doing so,

THE LAST BIRCH-BARK CANOE—Made in Dalhousie, N.B.

or what were his motives are still mysteries to ex-driver Ross.

Many sub-contractors and couriers served on the Gaspé mail route, among which are the names of Falu, Arseneau and Gagné. Without exception the couriers were kind and courteous to the public, known and liked by everybody on the road. Many a weary pedestrian was picked up by the "mail-man," and carried for miles on his way free of charge. In many instances the courier was in demand when a drive was required. One evening a popular young driver was accosted by a couple who asked for a drive. To their surprise the voice was unfamiliar; the popular young courier had given his place on the mail to another for a trip. Somewhat gruffly the old man replied: "I've a wife at home, why should I drive girls?" The prospective passengers disappeared without further parley.

For over forty years, even to the third generation, the Kerrs had given good satisfaction in this important service. They were exceedingly popular: their free and generous manner and promptitude making for them many friends. The name of Kerr will always remain associated with the mail-service of the Gaspé Peninsula, and the remembrance of duty well performed.

Their successor, Mrs. Cyr proved the words of Mr. Beauchesne, M.P. to be correct: "A woman has as good a head as a man." The late Lieutenant-Governor Robitaille of Quebec also pronounced the service rendered by Mrs. Cyr satisfactory in every way. Perhaps never was better service rendered, over so long a period as that performed by

the contractors—chief and subordinate—during all the years since Archie Kerr, Sr., carried the mail in the pioneer days till it was superseded by the railway.

The days of the courier, with the jingling of his bells and the blast of his brass bugle are gone forever along the Baie des Chaleurs. The mails are carried by train and the record is being kept up: good service and prompt is the order of the day, and with the able and energetic manager, Mr. Gordon in charge we have no fear for the safe delivery of our mail. Gaspé Peninsula has emerged from her chrysalis.

The lonely trail has disappeared; the weary march is over, but in the hearts of their descendants the remembrance of those unheralded heroes of the Gaspé Postal Service can never be wholly obliterated. Perhaps the tale of their strenuous toil and hazardous journeys has never been told, yet they have left behind the record of unselfish devotion to their sovereign and to duty.

PART VIII

THE INDIAN REMNANT

The Micmacs of the Restigouche.—Louis Jerome and his tribe.

THE writer recently spent an interesting hour in the company of an old gentleman with wonderful powers of anecdote. It so chanced that the conversation turned upon the Micmacs of the Baie des Chaleurs. My friend naturally dropped into story-telling. Said he:

"I well remember when a boy in Dalhousie how we used to waylay old Noel, the Indian, on the back street, and coax him into the old school-house, and persuade him to show us how scalping was performed. One of us would lie down on the floor, while Noel would pretend to perform the operation. One day we coaxed him to dance the Indian war-dance, and after considerable persuasion he consented. But soon the fun became too serious even for us. Old Noel worked himself into a fearful passion; the froth was flying from his mouth as he danced the savage dance of his people: brandishing his knife, apparently oblivious of us, he was terrible enough to make braver hearts than ours quail. Nearly scared to death, we took to our heels, leaving Noel to cool down and depart. The old Indian was never very accurate regarding his age: his invariable reply to any

question on the subject was: 'I'm most one hundred; I'm near fifty.'"

* * *

One time old Louie having gone hunting with a former governor of New Brunswick and a number of sportsmen was much impressed with the pocket-compass, carried by one of the party. To him it seemed to possess superhuman qualities, and so deeply was he in love with the article that when the journey was over, the gentleman at parting presented the Indian with the coveted compass to his great satisfaction.

Some time later Louie set off on an expedition of his own, of course taking his precious guide with him. Before long poor Louie realized that he was lost in the woods. Placing the compass before him the Indian addressed it thus:

"Speak compass! Louie lost. 'Sposin' you not speak, compass, Louie kill you." This one-sided conversation having gone on for some time, Louie finally lost all patience. so taking a stick he smashed the compass. However in due time he was rescued by a search-party.

* * *

In the olden days the Indians sold salmon to the merchants. Amongst other articles of barter darning-needles were in great demand among them. On the shelves of one of the merchants this stock had accumulated; therefore he circulated the story that the man who made darning-needles in England had died, and of course the manufacture of these indispensable articles would be at an end. Evidently touched by their distress,

when the natives flocked to see if anything could be done, he offered to exchange from the stock in the store a darning-needle for a salmon. Delighted with the offer the bargain was speedily concluded.

* * *

The Indians of the Baie des Chaleurs are not so easily imposed upon now-a-days, having learned the ways and the wiles of the white man, and being usually ready to put their knowledge into practice.

A sportsman and two Indian polers were on a hunting expedition up the Grand Cascapedia. The Indians soon discovered that although their companion had a plentiful supply of fire-water, he was very law-abiding, as none of it came their way.

Eagerly they announced: "Mister, bear up there, sure hear him! Go farder, round that turn. Get him sure."

The hunter fell into the trap; no sooner was he out of sight than they helped themselves liberally from his store, even filling their tin cups and hiding them in the canoe. Presently a somewhat crestfallen Nimrod returned, declaring with asperity: "There's no bear there."

"No, mister," was the resourceful reply, "you make too much noise; bear hear you, no chance now."

On the Restigouche the canoe with its angler and Indian polers moved very slowly. The day was hot, and Joe lazy and sleepy. There were no rises, so the sportsman roused the Indian suddenly from his slumber. But Joe was game; opening his eyes slowly he drawled out: "Look here, Mister

Banderbilt, you should not have done that. I was just dreamin' catchin' big thirty-five salmon next pool."

"All right, Joe; let's go and get him."

Reaching the pool, with the second cast the angler hooked a salmon.

"I told you, I told you, Mister Banderbilt, that salmon was there."

When the salmon was safely landed and weighed, Joe was the richer by ten dollars.

* * *

A friend of the writer had a somewhat exciting experience with a Micmac squaw. She and a number of girl friends in Campbellton planned an outing one summer day on the Indian Reservation above Cross Point, popularly known as "The Mission." Taking luncheon along they went to the ferry. Shortly before the boat left Campbellton two squaws came aboard, but almost immediately one returned to town, leaving her companion, who was intoxicated behind. On the arrival of the boat at Cross Point the officers had trouble with the drunken squaw; Big Mary refused to leave the boat, unless her purse which she missed was returned to her, and angrily she accused the man on board of robbery. At last she was persuaded to go ashore, and set off in the same direction as the girls, who were slowly walking towards the church. Soon they heard the squaw coming after them. Overtaking the group, Big Mary caught one of the girls by the shoulder, and shaking her fiercely, pushed her frightened prisoner against the fence, while she cried angrily:

"You got my pocket-book. Give me my purse."

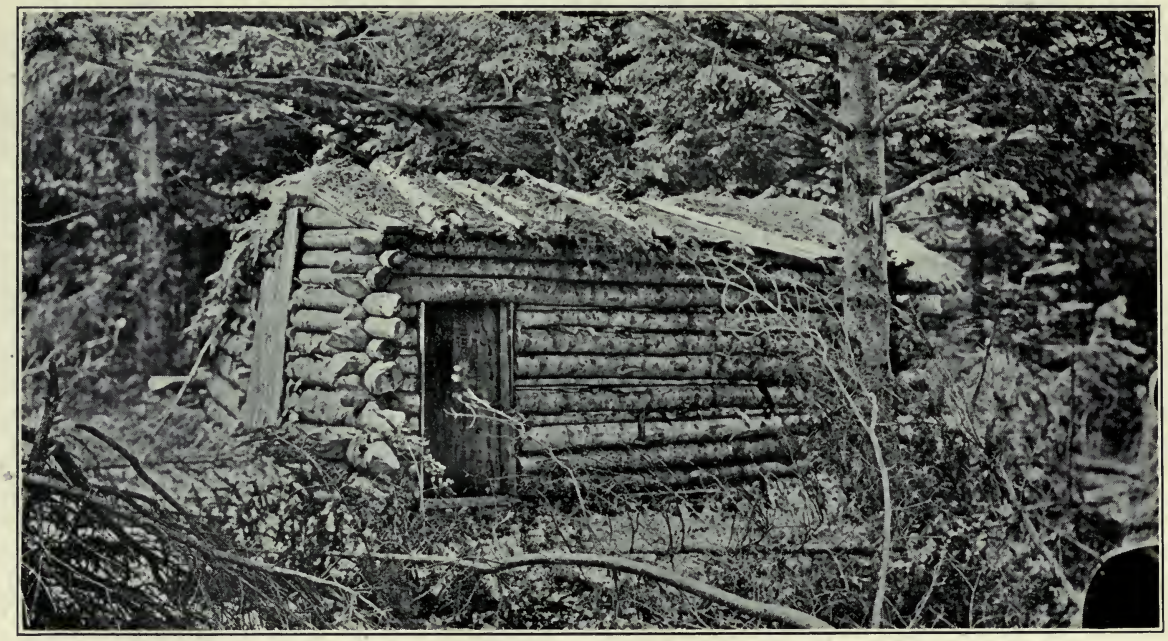
Taken completely by surprise, her companion sought safety in flight; but courage returning, they marched back, and one braver than the others ordered: "Hands off." Finally, the angry woman was persuaded that they did not have her property. So turning, she retraced part of the distance to the ferry-landing. Ere long she paused, evidently to consider the situation, then again set off in pursuit of the girls, trying to catch first one and then another, as they darted hiter and thither across the road. The girls took to flight, then plucking up courage they tried to reason with her, alternating their reasoning with threats of the police. When at last the enemy withdrew the girls debated the advisability of giving up their expedition, but thinking she would probably return no more they decided to proceed.

Alas for their hopes! A third time Big Mary returned to the charge. The girls faced her, and hither and thither across the road she darted, in her effort to seize one of the unfortunate merry-makers, whose "pleasure exertion," like Josiah Allen's, was proving unsatisfactory.

In the struggle three of the girls were tumbled over the bank, which was high and dangerous. Not to be balked the infuriated squaw dashed in pursuit along the bank, hurling stones after the fugitives. Danger pressed on every side: to the right, the angry, drunken woman, to the left the river, which was now at the flood, leaving only a narrow margin on which to dodge the flying missiles. Running along the shore, the anxious

girls reached a landing, up which they panted for breath, only to be met at the top by the persevering Mary, who seizing one of the girls shook her till the jet trimming was torn from her dress. Wrenching herself free, she and her companions ran for dear life, amidst the barking of dogs, and the gaping interest of on-looking squaws. Tired out they reached the chapel, and seeing that Big Mary had retired from the fray for the present, the sorry group entered the church, where overcome with fright and excitement one of the girls nearly fainted. Even here their peace was haunted with dread of the squaw's return, so seeking a neighbouring field they rested and ate their luncheon, keeping an eye the while for possible surprises on the enemy's part. As they were uninterrupted, hope was high that the return walk might be peaceful, and with that expectation they set off.

Half-way to the landing the girls saw Big Mary leaning against a fence awaiting them. A hasty council of war was held: they decided to keep together and try to dart past when close to her. But Mary was now partly sober and in better fighting trim, and she dived at the girls, clawing at each in turn, trying to pull their hair. The last girl in the group, with great presence of mind resorted to strategy. Opening the lunch basket, she offered her fruit. Mary helped herself to an apple; the strategist essayed to slip past, when Mary turned. Taking aim she threw the apple so surely and forcibly that it was broken to pieces upon the donor's back, leaving a stain in witness of Mary's prowess.



WINTER HOME OF A RESTIGOUCHE INDIAN.

Although my friend has travelled far since that summer day, neither in Korea nor Japan has she met an enemy so ruthless and persistent as Big Mary of Ste. Anne de Restigouche.

* * *

2.—*Louis Jerome and his tribe.*

Extending from the mouth of the Grand Cascapedia westward along the shore of the Baie des Chaleurs for a distance of two miles is the Indian Reservation of Maria, known as La Pointe Sauvage or Indian Point. This tract of land was granted to the Indians in the year 1800, and comprises 350 acres of good arable land beautifully situated on the Baie des Chaleurs. The inhabitants are a remnant of the old Micmac tribe which once roamed over the Province of New Brunswick. The first chief of this Mission was Gilbert Martin, who lived to the great age of one hundred and ten years. His wife, equally tenacious attained the age of one hundred and eleven. The present chief is William Martin.

Elections for the office of chief are held every three years. It is the duty of the chief to preserve order and settle disputes.

The people of Indian Point are Roman Catholic in religion. Their first settled priest was Rev. Father Bossé, and the church was built in 1838, being erected by the Indians themselves, at a cost of nine hundred dollars.

Educational matters are not neglected in this settlement of the Red men. The present teacher instructs them in English and French at a salary

of three hundred and fifty dollars per annum. Visiting this interesting school, the writer found a snug and comfortable building: the walls adorned with prints of King George and Queen Mary. The teacher, Miss Josephine Audet is most energetic and much interested in the progress of her pupils, who are docile and quick to learn. She told me that when she first took charge of the school, they were so entirely ignorant of English that she was compelled to point to an article and pronounce the English equivalent: thus slowly they acquired words. As the teacher knew no Micmac we can imagine how trying those first days must have been. A class in the Third Reader read in English and spelled for me. The little girl at the head of the class knew her multiplication table perfectly, replying so readily that one marvelled at the rapidity of question and answer. I was much struck with the musical voices of the children as they sang an *Ave Maria*. The teacher spoke gratefully of the interest taken in her school by the Hon. Charles Marcil, and with great goodwill marshalled her pupils into position to be photographed.

At present there are one hundred and fifty persons on the Reservation. Loyal recruits for the Canadian contingent have been found in the Reservation, one of whom has given his life in defence of the Empire.

The wigwams of the aborigines have been replaced by houses similar to those of their white neighbours, and in many instances comfortable houses and barns testify to the energy and ambition of the owners. The occupations of the

Indians are various: during the winter, many work in the lumber camps, while others hunt, fish or make mocassins, snow-shoes, and baskets, and in the summer they act as guides to the sportsmen and as ship-labourers, while between times they do a little farming and berry-picking.

The Indians are very hospitable, as shown by the experience of an Irishman. Although more than fifty years have passed since the incident occured, the tale has lost none of its interest. The man had occasion to visit the Mission and was invited to dinner. In order to induce him to remain, his host remarked with evident satisfaction: "Duck for dinner, not fly-away duck, bow-wow duck!" When the savoury dish appeared and proved to be young dog, the visitor suddenly discovered that his business was too pressing to permit him to remain, and hastily withdrew. Another visitor no longer than twenty-five years ago, ate heartily of porcupine, and pronounced it excellent "Just like other meat."

The Indians are full of resource, when times are hard. Dressing himself in his most dilapidated garments old Louis Jerome would present himself at the stores of the neighbouring village, where his story and appearance were sure of reward, although all were up to the dodge for charity. One year he tried a more ambitious plan. During Lord Lansdowne's term of office in Canada he received from Louis, who had been one of his canoe-men on the Grand Cascapedia a letter, which read something like this:

"Mister Governor-General, Writin' you to let you know very hard times here, no breakfast

last night, no supper this morning, if you'll be good enough send me ten dollars will pay you polin' nex summer, if you do so will be very much surprised.

LOUIS JEROME."

Lord Lansdowne greatly amused at the characteristic epistle, responded to the Chief's "surprise" and satisfaction.

Knowing how expert these Indians were in a canoe, the Secretary of the Governor-General sent a free pass for four or more Indians to go from this Indian Reservation to Egypt for service as polers on the Nile, with the army of General Gordon. A man from New Richmond was employed to convey the four recruits to Cross Point, a distance of fifty miles, with his team of grey horses. The passengers were:

Louis Jerome, Sr., Louis Jerome, Jr., Etienne Dedam, and Narcisse Gideon.

When all were ready to start the wife of old Louis issued her threat:

"Don't you go E—gipt, Louie. If you goin' E—gipt, I'll be married sure when you come back."

Louis replied cheerfully:

"All right, go get married right off."

Mrs. Narcisse expressed her disapproval of the expedition differently, but none the less forcibly. Appearing on the scene with an axe and a pot of boiling water, she ordered the driver off, threatening if he did not immediately depart to chop the spokes from his waggon-wheel, and scald him into the bargain. Judging by appearances

that it was prudent to obey, he acquiesced with her wishes. Along the road they were overtaken by Narcisse, who had effected his escape from his affectionate spouse. Reaching the upper end of the Reservation they found a mass meeting of the Indians, who had gathered to bid the travellers for "E—gipt" farewell. Chief among them was Jinny Martin, the Indian doctor-woman, who supplied the departing friends with balm, salve, etc. for the journey. The adieux were prolonged and vociferous. "Good-bye for E—gipt! Good-bye for E—gipt!" sounded fainter as the distance between the travellers and their friends increased.

In due time the party reached Pichette's in Nouvelle, where supper was ordered. That being dispatched, old Louis pulled out the telegram he had received from the secretary at Ottawa. Proudly the Indian leader exhibited this wonderful paper, and proceeded to read it to the proprietor, quite ignorant of the fact that he held it upside down.

"Us all goin' to E—gipt, make up your bill, and send in to Governor-General, every thing will be all right."

The puzzled host turned to the driver for an explanation. Seeing this man pay for his supper, Louis remonstrated:

"Don't pay no more, I'll pay everything."

By six o'clock, the following morning they arrived at Campbellton, and at once proceeded to the railway station, where they found that through some mistake the agent had received no instructions to issue free passes for their journey. Only half an-hour remained before the departure

of the train connecting with the vessel at Quebec, about to sail, and on which they were to take passage. Nothing could be done except return home, and presently they were en route for Maria, and however it happened each of the Indians was the happy possessor of a full bottle of fire-water from which he imbibed frequently. As the liquor diminished the Indians became bold and dangerous. Recounting the journey home recently, the driver observed: "It's a wonder they didn't kill me." Narcisse particularly became very offensive, and openly defied the driver, telling him he had no revolver. Brought to bay the man drew his 22 and fired from the side of the wagon, only narrowly missing an old man, who unseen by him, had been digging potatoes in the field beside the road. "Shoot him, old man," Narcisse remarked complaisantly.

Nearing the reservation, a flock of geese attracted the attention of the hungry Indians. "Hold on, we'll hav em goose," ordered one of the Micmacs. Evidently the contents of the black bottle had no effect upon the accuracy of his aim, for with two stones the Indian killed two geese. Proceeding to the chief's house, he roused the women of his household. Insisting that the driver enter with them, the team of greys were tied to a stack of oats. In an incredibly short time, a good supper of roast goose and boiled potatoes was set before the hungry travellers, whose journey to E—gipt had ended thus prematurely.

An old acquaintance aided me in my search for the oldest squaw on the reservation. "There she is!" she remarked with a laugh, pointing to

PERCE ROCK.

an old woman squatted on the floor, beside the stove. She did not know her age, but she looked old. Being deaf as the proverbial post, I could do nothing with her, but my guide addressed her in their own language with better results. Slowly and carefully she produced from her pocket, and from within numerous wrappings a paper, which proved to be a certificate from the priest, testifying to her need of charity. Readily she granted my request to "take her picture," and with much solemnity seated herself where I indicated, amidst the laughter of the younger women. At parting she raised her hand in benediction.

Next we visited old Louis, and found him in a clean kitchen suffering from an attack of rheumatism, but quite willing to answer questions. In his younger days there had been no schools on the Reservation. He was seventy-eight years old and had been chief several times. His also had been the honour of poling Lord Lansdowne while angling on the Grand Cascapedia River. In the early days the government had supplied seed grain to the Indians, each man being allowed as much land as he could clear.

The number of people on the Reservation had decreased greatly since his youth.

A large picture of the ex-chief and other photographs adorned the walls. In reply to my request for his photograph he informed me that his daughter had one.

"Do you think she will let me have the loan of it, Louis?" I asked the old man eagerly.

"You can ask her," he replied with the brevity characteristic of his race.

His daughter, a little woman with bright, dark eyes and raven hair willingly gave me the picture which I promised faithfully to return.

PART IX

TREASURE SEEKING IN GASPÉ

GASPÉ and the Baie des Chaleurs country are rich in legendary lore; tales of pirates and buried treasure abound, and efforts have been made to discover and dislodge this hidden wealth. These traditions have their origin in history, and beside many a hearth-fire the old folks have told tales, to which eager children listened open-eyed and credulous, of the early days and the treasures buried by the fugitives, as they fled before the British foe.

Each locality had its spot to which legend pointed as the place where money lay, awaiting the person lucky enough to succeed in dislodging it from the dead sentinel often left on guard. These interesting places are various, extending from Matapedia to Gaspé—fully two hundred miles of country—and in northern New Brunswick.

Even Percé Rock, inaccessible as it is to human foot to-day, is not exempt from military glory of different kinds. One legend, bearing on this subject tells how a bold privateer by means of a small cord fired from his musket, succeeded in ascending the precipitous rock, and with the aid of one of his men buried the strong box in the earth on the top of the rock. Felling his too-trustful comrade, he left him to watch the blood-money during the coming years, hoping to return

and claim from the grinning skeleton his treasure, but fate decided otherwise.

Ship-yard Point, New Richmond has been the scene of numerous diggings. On one occasion, as the story goes, three men taking a mineral rod along, sought the place (the exact location of which had been revealed in a dream to one of them). By means of the dream the place was speedily discovered, and digging down, the box beneath became plainly discernible to the leader: he could feel it without doubt. Eagerness overcame discretion; forgetting for the moment the unchangeable fiat that when digging for gold absolute silence must be maintained, the man handing the rod to one of his companions ejaculated "Here!" The rod changed hands, but alas! the box had changed places, and search as they might it was not to be found again. A second time the three men went on the same errand; busy at work though they were they all distinctly heard the sweep of oars through the water, coming shoreward; so fearing detection they ceased their operations.

A third time they tried; pausing to rest a moment they saw near them a man, and although he was walking away from them superstitious fears caused them to throw up the job. However my old friend observed, it was generally believed that any attempt to dig on Shipyard Point in the present day would be lost effort—most surely the box had been found and had brought comfort to the finder.

"I wouldn't want pirate money," interjected a hitherto silent listener to these old tales; "if I

could find mineral or a mine it would be different." My old friend smiled as she said: "The first thing to do, when you open a box of money is to take a handful of gold and throw it over your left shoulder, with the words:' Take that!' There is then nothing more to fear."

On the point, in Port Daniel harbour is a little sequestered cove, where legend declares money remains to be discovered, though some affirm that already fortune has smiled on one digger, and it is therefore useless to seek for what is no longer there. Anyway the spot is charming, and few more seductive places for an idle hour may be found. Partly surrounded by great hills of limestone: in front a picturesque harbour, with the blue waves of Baie des Chaleurs shimmering in the distance, the place is worth a visit, even if no pirate money remains to be discovered. The flavour of a by-gone romance still clings to Bebee's Cove.

A story is attached to the site of one of the old French batteries on the Restigouche. One of the early pioneers dreamed that she and her husband had gone to this place in a canoe; proceeding cautiously lest they be seen by the owner of the land. She thought that a man led her to a cannon. Upon pulling out a plug, she saw that it was filled with alternate layers of birch-bark, gold, birch-bark and silver. The scene changed. The visitor of her dream pointed out to the woman the exact locality, in which the watch of one of the settlers had been lost during a destructive bush fire, which had included the house and the crops of the pioneers in its march. Ere

she had emptied the cannon, she awoke to find that "it was only a dream."

However, she mentioned the part referring to the watch, and as told by the dreamer the watch was recovered. But skeptical of fortune, she paid no heed to the cannon of gold.

Years passed away, and the nephew of the early pioneer travelling by stage in northern New Brunswick, met among other passengers an old squaw. She asked him where he had been. When she heard, she surprised him by saying she knew the place well, and was a little girl when in 1760 the English came. She described how the French, having filled a brass cannon with much gold and jewellery had buried it.

The place was identical with that of the dream.

"Come with me," she urged, "and I'll show you the very spot."

However business pressed, and he hurried to his distant home across the wide Atlantic, instead of going to seek the treasure-filled cannon.

Another man well known to the writer, dreamed that he was coming down the road below Point à la Garde, when he was met by a man, who led him down a short path to a little thicket. Pointing to the head of a mound he said: "There's a pot of money for you there, and I have been left to watch it; I can't leave till you get it."

Sometime later in the twilight, the dreamer was walking homewards from Oak Bay Mills, and reaching the place indicated in his dream he was joined by a man, who walked beside him till they reached the little path leading to the thicket. The man addressed a civil "good even-

ing" to his companion, who looked at him, making no reply. Instead he turned down the track, looking back the while, as though inviting the other to follow. He then recognized in the silent man the stranger of his dream, and thoroughly frightened he hastened homeward, utterly disregarding the unspoken invitation of the unknown man.

Below Cross Point is Point à Bouleau, where money is said to have been buried. Intent on treasure, three men went a-digging. While thus engaged, one declared he saw a boat filled with armed soldiers coming towards them. His comrades saw nothing, but whatever it was that frightened their companion, there was no doubt of the genuineness of the scare, for he fell into so deep a faint that it was with difficulty he was brought around.

But perhaps no place in the Baie des Chaleurs country is richer in tales of buried money and the search for it, than Broadlands—the site of the old Acadian village of La Petite Rochelle. The tale of the brass cannon, sunk in the mud of the creek is well known, and the inability to raise it has been proved by several failures. Somewhere in the vicinity, three well-known men once went on the old quest. The preliminary digging was done, when a peculiar noise fell upon their ears—a weird, rustling sound. A little later the pick dropped from the handle; one of them fitted it on again. A few more blows, and the pick dropped a second time. When a third time the pick and its handle parted company,

they decided to go home, as digging was impossible under the circumstances.

Now if any one will take the trouble to examine an ordinary pick he will see that it is impossible to get the pick over the knob, on the lower end of the handle.

Reaching home, the men examined the frolicsome pick, and to their surprise found that they could not drive it off the handle, although they struck it with an axe.

Others who have dug in this locality, also tell awe-inspiring tales of the sound of artillery, the tramp of armed men, and all the din of the battle which was fought on this bank of the Restigouche.

During many years these stories have been told and retold, wonderful dreams and legends of treasure, past the counting, awaiting the fortunate finder.

But stories of buried treasure are not confined to one side of the bay. Bathurst is the scene of a very realistic tale which appears in "Memories of Bathurst" by Mr. E. B. Biggar of Montreal, read before the Historical Society of New Brunswick. He has courteously given the writer permission to use this interesting article.

In the family of Mr. Sutherland, who founded Bathurst there was an old tradition that treasure had been buried on Carron Point. The bank along this point, looking out towards Nepisiguit Bay, is from twelve to twenty feet high, and extending about a mile east is broken by the Bass River, which there flows out to sea. Thirty years ago, the Bass River did not flow directly out to sea as now, but its waters ran between

the high bank and a sand-bar, half a mile west uniting with the brook, and flowing out to sea. The tale ran that somewhere in the woods, near the river's mouth, treasure had been buried, but all attempts to locate it failed

About a quarter of a century ago, two men, James Barry and William Smith were towing a raft of lumber to the Bathurst Mill. Barry guided the raft, and Smith led the horse along the sand-bar. Presently Barry saw a woman join Smith from the bank—an elderly woman dressed in grey, with a red and white plaid shawl, and bare-headed. Barry plainly saw her apparently conversing earnestly with him, as she frequently looked him in the face. Reaching the mouth of the river she returned to the woods.

When interrogated by Barry, Smith positively denied any knowledge of the affair, and Barry was forced to believe in Smith's sincerity, when on retracing the ground traversed, no third track was to be found.

Four years later a young girl claimed to have seen a woman coming towards her, whose peculiar actions and silence so frightened her, that she ran away. When questioned, the description of the woman corresponded exactly with that of the one seen by Barry, and strange to say both these visits were made in the day-time.

So far as could be ascertained she did not again appear, but in June, 1891, a Bathurst boy bringing home the cows, came upon two dark men, resting in a shack of boughs, while on the beach was a large fishing-boat. Nobody spoke. The following day they were still there, but on

the third day had disappeared, leaving no trace. Mr. Sutherland, hearing of the dark-skinned strangers went to investigate, and after considerable search, found ample evidence that a digging had been successfully accomplished: for pieces of foreign wood had been left. Evidently whatever had been buried, had been removed. A few feet north of the cavity left by the strangers, Mr. Sutherland noticed a white birch, on which a "blaze" had been well-nigh obliterated by time.

Who the strangers were, who had left treasure there, was there much gold, and who was the wandering woman? Who can answer one or any of these questions?

If the buried treasure of these various districts remain hidden to the majority of seekers, there are buried treasures awaiting the industrious. Here are opportunities for good homes, and here to-day are peace and plenty.

* * *

The journey is ended. The veil of the past has been removed for a brief glance: that is all. There is much more of romance and charm awaiting the sympathetic searcher along the coasts of Gaspé and the Baie des Chaleurs.

There are treasures of forests and sea, of mountain and valley, of history and legend, of friendship and truth; and rich examples of courage and perseverance in lives made beautiful in the discharge of duty, however humble.

THE END.

APPENDIX I

(The author is indebted to Mr. Joseph Desjardins of the Parliamentary Library, Quebec, for the information contained in the following appendix).

MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL
From 1856 to 1919

(*Elected by the people from 1856 to 1867*).

MEMBERS REPRESENTING LOWER CANADA UNDER THE UNION FROM 1856 TO 1867

Gulf Division:—

TESSIER, The Hon. Ulric Joseph .from Nov. 17th, 1858 to July 1st, 1867.

LEBOUTHILLIER, The Hon. John .from Nov. 2nd, 1867, deceased July 31st, 1872.

MEMBERS REPRESENTING THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC FROM 1867 TO 1919

SAVAGE, The Hon. Thomas.....from Nov. 19th, 1873, resigned Feb. 26th, 1887.

ROSS, The Hon. David Alexander.from Mar. 2nd, 1887, deceased July 23rd, 1897.

TURNER, The Hon. Richard.....from Aug. 5th, 1897, deceased Dec. 22nd, 1917.

CARREL, The Hon. Frank.....from Feb. 12th, 1918 to the present time.

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY OF THE PROVINCE OF LOWER CANADA
From 1792 to 1830

For the County of Gaspé.—This county comprised all the part of the province to the south of the River St. Lawrence, now known as the District of Gaspé and designated as such in the proclamation of July 24th, 1788.

O'HARA, Edward.....from July 10th, 1792 to June 4th, 1890.

VONDENVELDEN, William.....from July 28th, 1800 to June 13th, 1804.

PYKE, George.....from September 25th 1804 to March 22nd, 1814.

BROWNE, G.....from June 28th 1814 to Feb. 29th 1816.

COCKBURN, James.....from June 14th 1816, deceased August 1819.
TASCHEREAU, Jean Thomas.....from September 12th 1820 to July 5th 1827.
CHRISTIE, Robert.....from October 15th 1827 to September 2nd 1830.

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY OF THE PROVINCE OF LOWER CANADA
From 1830 to 1838

For the County of Bonaventure (2 members) from 1830 to 1838. —Formed in 1829 of a part of the County of Gaspé.

THIBAUDEAU, Edouard.....from December 13th 1830, deceased August 1836.
GOSSET, John.....from December 13th 1830, resigned Nov. 15th 1832.
HAMILTON, John Robinson.....from December 12th 1832 to October 9th 1834.
DEBLOIS, Joseph François.....from January 8th 1835 to March 27th 1838.
MCCRACKEN, James.....from December 1836 to March 27th 1838.

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY OF THE PROVINCE OF LOWER CANADA
From 1830 to 1838

For the County of Gaspé (1 member from 1830 to 1832) (2 members from 1832 to 1838).

CHRISTIE, Robert.....from December 13th to November 15th 1832.
POWER, William.....from March 1832 to March 27th 1838.
LEBOUTILLIER, John.....from March 11th 1833 to March 27th 1838.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY FOR THE PROVINCE OF CANADA
From 1841 to 1854

For the County of Bonaventure (1 member) from 1841 to 1854. —The same from 1830 to 1838.

HAMILTON, John Robinson.....from April 8th 1841 to September 23rd 1844.

LEBOUTILLIER, John.....from November 12th 1844 to December 6th 1847.
CUTHBERT, William.....from January 24th 1848 to November 6th 1851.
LEBOUTILLIER, David.....from December 9th 1851 to June 23rd 1854.

HON. JOHN HALL KELLY,

K.C., M.L.C., B.A., LL.M., Etc.

Legislative Councillor for the Division of Grandville.—President of Bonaventure & Gaspé Telephone Co.—Author of *The Position of the Settlers in the Province of Quebec.* Etc.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY OF THE PROVINCE OF CANADA
From 1841 to 1854

For the County of Gaspé (1 member) from 1841 to 1854.—The same from 1830 to 1838.

CHRISTIE, Robert.....from April 8th 1841 to June 23rd 1854.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY OF THE PROVINCE OF CANADA
From 1854 to 1867

For the County of Bonaventure (1 member) from 1854 to 1867. —The same from 1841 to 1854.

MEAGHER, John.....from July 26th 1854 to June 10th 1861.
ROBITAILLE, Théodore.....from July 10th 1861 to July 1st 1867.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY OF THE PROVINCE OF CANADA
From 1854 to 1867

For the County of Gaspé (1 member) from 1854 to 1867.—The same from 1841 to 1854.

LEBOUTILLIER, John.....from August 21st 1854 to July 1st 1867.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
From 1867 to 1919

For the County of Bonaventure (1 member) from 1867 to 1919. —The same from 1854 to 1867.

HAMILTON, Clarence.....from September 5th 1867 to May 27th 1871.
ROBITAILLE, Théodore.....from July 7th 1871, resigned January 7th 1874.
BEAUCHENE, Pierre Clovis.....from August 8th 1874 to December 19th 1876.
TARTE, Joseph Israel.....from February 22nd 1877 to November 20th 1881.
RIOPEL, Louis Joseph.....from December 2nd 1881 to June 20th 1882.
MARTIN, Henri Josué.....from October 31st 1882 to May 9th 1890.
MERCIER, The Hon. Honoré.....from June 10th 1890, deceased October 30th 1894,

LEMIEUX, François Xavier.....from December 11th 1894, Judge November 13 1897
CLAPPERTON, William Henry....from December 22nd 1897 to November 4th 1904.
KELLY, John Hall.....from November 25th 1904 to April 29th 1914.
(Appointed April 25 1914 Legislative Councillor for Grandville to present time).
BEGEAUD, J. Fabien.....from May 7th 1914 to present time.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
From 1867 to 1919

For the County of Gaspé (1 member from 1867 to 1919).

FORTIN, Pierre.....from September 23rd 1867 to March 22nd 1878.
FLYNN, Edmund James.....from April 29th 1878 to May 9th 1890.
CARRIER, Achille Ferdinand.....from July 12th 1890 to December 22nd 1891.
FLYNN, The Hon. Edmund James.from March 8th 1892 to November 14th 1900.
KENNEDY, Xavier.....from January 5th 1901 to Nov. 4th 1904.
LEMIEUX, Louis Joseph.....from November 28th 1904 to January 15th 1910.
PERRON, Joseph Léonide.....from February 24th 1910 to April 15th 1912.
LEMIEUX, Gustave.....from May 27th 1912 to present time.

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
1867 to 1919

For the County of Bonaventure (1 member) from 1867 to 1919.
—The same from 1854 to 1867.

ROBITAILLE, Théodore.....from September 9th 1867 to July 26th 1879.
BEAUCHESNE, Pierre Clovis.....from August 26th 1879 to May 18th 1882.
RIOPEL, Louis Joseph.....from June 20th 1882 to Feb. 3rd 1891.
FAUVEL, Wm. LeBOUTILLIER....from March 5th 1891, deceased February 8th 1897
GUITE, Jean Francis.....from March 17th 1897 to October 9th 1900.
MARCIL, Charles Hon.....from November 7th 1900 to present time.
(Elected speaker of the House of Commons (Ottawa), Jan. 20th 1909).

HON. FRANK CARREL, M.L.C., LL.D.

FINANCIER, JOURNALIST AND AUTHOR

Legislative Councillor for the Gulf Division.—President: Quebec Telegraph Printing Co. and of Frank Carrel Limited.—Director: Canada Steamship Lines Limited; Prudential Trust Co'y; Canada Securities Corporation, etc.—General Honorary Patron, Quebec and District Society of Workmen Incorporated.—Author of *Tips, Canada West and Farther West, Around the World Cruise, Impressions of War*, Etc., Etc.

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
1867 to 1919

For the County of Gaspé (1 member) from 1867 to 1919.—The same from 1854 to 1867.

FORTIN, Pierre.....from September 24th 1867 to January 2nd 1874.
HARPER, Louis Georges.....from March 11th 1874 to April 8th 1875.
SHORT, John.....from July 10th 1875 to August 17th 1878.
FORTIN, The Hon. Pierre.....from September 17th 1878 to January 5th 1887.
JONCAS, Louis Zéphirin.....from February 22nd 1887 to April 24th 1896.
LEMIEUX, Rodolphe, Hon.....from June 23rd 1896 to July 29th 1911.
(Appointed Solicitor-General in the Laurier Ministry, June 29th 1904).
(Appointed Postmaster-General June 4th 1906).
(Appointed Minister of Marine and Fisheries August 11th 1911).

GAUTHIER, Louis Philippe.....from September 21st 1911 to October 6th 1917.
LEMIEUX, Rodolphe, Hon.....from December 17th 1917 to present time.

MEMBERS OF THE SENATE, OTTAWA.

Gulf Division—(1897 to 1919):

FISET, Hon. J. B. Romuald.....from October 20th 1897 to January 5th 1917.
L'ESPERANCE, Hon. Divid Ovide..from January 26th 1917 to present time.

APPENDIX II

During the world's Great War part of a Company of the 189th Battalion trained in Gaspé, and another part in New Carlisle. But it may be a surprise to many of the younger people of the coast, to learn that many years ago, a regiment of Militia was formed in the Counties of Gaspé and Bonaventure, and that several residents, in many of the municipalities still preserve carefully the commissions granted to their ancestors.

For the information on this subject in County Gaspé, the writer is indebted to C. Sutton LeBoutillier, Esq. of Gaspé Harbour, who kindly loaned me the commissions and data of his father-in-law, Mr. J. C. Belleau, for many years Collector of Customs at Gaspé.

In Gaspé, the first appointment was that of Mr. Jean Collet Belleau, who received his commission of Lieutenant-Colonel, dated June 18th, 1847 in the third Battalion of Gaspé, during the governorship of His Excellency, James Earl of Elgin and Kincardine. Under date of June 1st, 1856, during the governorship of Sir Edmund Walker Head, the same Jean Collet Belleau received his promotion to the rank of "Colonel in command of the Military serving in Number One Military District in Lower Canada, taking rank and precedence in the Province according to the date of your former Commission as Colonel or Lieutenant-Colonel as the case may be". The third commission granted to Mr. Jean Collet Belleau was dated Feb. 19th, 1869, giving him the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Reserve Militia of the Division of Gaspé, and was during the governorship of Sir John Young (Lord Lisgar).

The officers associated with Lieutenant-Colonel Belleau were Messrs Thomas Wilson Hipkins and Thomas Savage of Cape Cove, both of whom held the rank of Major.

The following is the list of captains, lieutenants and ensigns in the Regimental Division of Gaspé:

Company Division No. 1.—Municipality of Ste. Anne des Monts:—
Captain: Major Louis Roy;Lieut.: Capt. John Perree;
Ensign: Lieut. Xavier Thibault.

Company Division No. 2.—Fox River:—
Captain: Lieut. Narcisse Bernier; Lieut. Mr. Gilbert Samuel.

Company Division No. 3.—Cap des Rosiers:—
Captain: Capt. Wm. Hymon; Lieut.: Lieut. Wm.West;
Ensign: Mr. Louis Casault.

Company Division No. 4.—Gaspé North:—
Captain: Capt. Wm. Annett; Lieut.: Lieut. John Ascah; Ensign: Mr. Frederick Miller.
Company Division No. 5.—Gaspé South:—
Captain: John Short Ecuier; Lieut.: Lieut. Joseph Kavanagh; Ensign: Ensign Geo. Coffin.
Company Division No. 6.—Municipality of York:—
Captain: Lieut. Horatio LeBoutillier; Lieut.: Mr. John Harbour; Ensign: Chas. LeBoutillier.
Company Division No. 7.—Douglastown:—
Captain: Lieut. James Kennedy; Lieut. Ensign Martin White; Ensign: Mr. Jas. Conly.
Company Division No. 8.—Malbay:—
Captain: Lieut. John Ross; Lieut. Ensign Jas. Collas; Ensign: Mr. George Prevel.
Company Division No. 9.—Percé:—
Captain: P. Paradis Ecuier; Lieut.: Capt. James Rooney; Ensign: Mr. Peter Duval.
Company Division No. 10.—Cape Cove:—
Captain: Capt. John Baker; Lieut.: Lieut. Xavier Dupuis.
Company Division No. 11.—Grand River:—
Captain: Capt J. B. Couture; Lieut. Capt. Pierre Béliveau; Ensign: Ens. Thomas Carbury.
Company Division No. 12.—Pabos:—
Captain: Capt. Donald McGillevrey; Lieut.: Ensign Thos Ramon; Ens. Mr. Gregoire.
Company Division No. 13.—Magdalen Islands:—
Captain: Capt. John Fontana; Lieut.: Lieut. Chas. Bourque; Ens. Mr. Nelson Arsenault.

Among those from County Gaspé who attended the Military School at Quebec were Messrs John and Alfred Carter, John Bechervaise and William Patterson.

The officers of the Gaspé Battery Artillery, Active Militia were: Major Slous, Captain A. T. Carter, Lieutenant F. J. Annett, Sergeant-Major Patterson, Sergeant-Major Bechervaise, Corporal Cass, and a number of privates, among whom were Messrs John Coffin, Benjamin Bechervaise, Felix Bechervaise, Joseph Cass, Charles Patterson, Thomas Miller, Henry Ascah, and Lewis Annett.

John Coffin of the Gaspé Battery was a member of the first team, who went over for artillery competition in England. Gaspé Battery took the highest prize for shooting given by the Dominion Artillery Association for the highest score with s. b. guns in 1878, and 1879. The only two prizes won in these years were awarded to Major Slous and Captain A. T. Carter. It was with much satisfaction that Captain Carter (now retired) exhibited his trophy.

In County Bonaventure, information concerning the old militia was more difficult to obtain, and the results are due

to the helpfulness of the following persons: Hon. John Hall Kelly, Messrs Wm. Sheppard, J. A. LeBel, G. F. Hamilton, John Hall, Andrew R., Charles and Orald Caldwell, Mrs F. Cooke, and Miss Rena R. Caldwell of New Carlisle; Messrs R. H. Montgomery and J. A. Campbell of New Richmond and T. B. Clapperton of Maria.

Evidently battalions were formed between the forties and sixties and again in 1869. This latter battalion was fully equipped, and when the militia was disbanded by the government, all the equipment was returned.

The site of the old barracks in New Carlisle is now the property of the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel J. Todd Caldwell, of the Bonaventure Militia—Mrs. F. Cooke—. The well may still be seen, which stood in the barracks. To this place, on public holidays, in all the glory of their brave uniforms marched the New Carlisle Company.

The drilling was conducted in the yard between the jail and the town-hall. On the occasion of the execution of Sullivan, the sheriff, apprehending trouble ordered the men of the infantry under Lieut. J. A. LeBel to enter the yard, and surround the scaffold. No resistance was offered however by the crowd, collected on the walls and out-buildings.

It is related that on one occasion, during drill, the commanding officer forgot the word "Halt"! and the company ignoring all other equivalents marched steadily forward, clearing fences in the way, till the commander having reinforced his memory from the book of instruction, finally brought them to a standstill.

The chief officers in the first Militia of County Bonaventure were:

Company Division No. 3 *of New Carlisle:—*

Lieut.-Colonel: J. Todd Caldwell,
Adjudant: Thomas Rees Kelly,
Captain: Henry Caldwell,
Lieutenants: William Munro, and Robert Sherar,
Sergeants: Digby Smollett and Frederick Smollett.
Ensign: Hugh Caldwell.

The writer has been privileged to see the commissions of Captain Henry Caldwell, promoted from a Lieutenant in the first Battalion of Bonaventure Militia, and also in the Militia of the province dated May 1st, 1857 during the governorship of Sir Edmund Walker Head.

Another commission in New Carlisle, which the writer had the privilege of seeing, was that of Lieutenant Thomas Rees Kelly, whose commission was dated March 20th, 1863, during the governorship of the Right Honourable Charles Stanley, Viscount Monck, Baron Monck of Ballytrammon, in the County of Werford, Governor General of British North America, etc., etc.

A list of privates belonging to this first and the later militia is placed at the close of this appendix.

In the sixties, a second regiment of militia was organized in the county, with the following officers in the company at New Carlisle:

Lieut.-Colonel: F. D. Gauvreau,
Captain: John R. Hamilton,
Lieutenants: Hugh Christie and Octavius Sherar,
Ensign: George Jenn,
Buglar: John Thompson.

Mr. G. F. Hamilton, some time later was Color-Sergeant in the Active Militia. He among others from New Carlisle received his training in the Military School in Quebec.

At Port Daniel the late George MacDonald held the rank of Captain and the late William Mac Pherson, Esq. for many years mayor of Port Daniel, and father of William A. Mac Pherson also held the rank of Captain in this Battalion receiving his commission of Captain in the first Battalion of Bonaventure, under date of July, 1847, during the term of the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine as governor-general.

An interesting souvenir in Mr. MacPherson's house is an old sword, presented to his father in Scotland: its history is old and gory, for it had seen service on the blood-stained field of Culloden.

In the Municipality of Bonaventure a company of militia was formed about the year 1866, the officers of which were:

Lieut. J. A. LeBel,
Ensign and Instructor: Thomas Arsenault.

At New Richmond the late R. H. Montgomery Sr. held the rank of Major, and his old sword is still a cherished possession in the home of his son.

The late John Campbell of New Richmond was appointed an Ensign in the second Battalion under date of May 5th, 1847, during the term of the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine as Governor General. Ten years later he was promoted to the rank of Captain in the Militia of Bonaventure and also in the Militia of the province, under Sir Edmund Walker Head.

Again in 1869 the present R. H. Montgomery, Esq. received his commission as Captain in the Reserve Militia, No. 5 Company Regimental Division of Bonaventure. His assistant officers were:

Lieut.: Edouard J. Bacon,
Ensign: James Steven Harvey.

A memorandum from Lieut.-Colonel Gauvreau reads:

"Please proceed to the enrolment in your Company Division without delay in the Township of New Richmond".

The Militia were usually drilled in the grounds of the Presbyterian Church, and Captain Turner, at one time a commanding officer, invariably dismissed his company with words of commendation.

Mr. Montgomery distinctly remembers being ordered

by the Mayor of the municipality, to call out the militia to apprehend certain burglars, accused of store-breaking and assault, who however made good their escape.

On one occasion Mr. Montgomery met a well-known citizen of New Richmond. on his way to David Kerr's in Caplin, and asked him if he was not afraid to travel at night, when burglars were abroad. Stooping down. the farmer produced a trusty, old-fashioned horse-pistol, declaring that if necessary he was prepared to use it.

In Maria, under date of 1868, the officers appointed were:
Captain: Solomon Cyr,
Lieut.: L. Lucier,
Ensign: W. H. Clapperton.

Two years later on the death of Captain Cyr, Lieutenant Lucier was promoted to the rank of captain, and Ensign Clapperton to that of lieutenant.

In Carleton the officers were: Colonel: Hyppolite Landry,
Captain or Commanding officer: J. G. LeBel,
and associated with them were Messrs Joseph Magher, and Nelson Verge.

On St. Peter's Day. on the beach at Carleton the company were drilled by their officers. Mr. J. A. LeBel of New Carlisle, told the writer, that he distinctly remembers when a child seeing his father, a notary of Carleton drilling the company of militia, and that must have been about the year 1846.

A few of the members of the Reserve Militia are still living, and although the opportunity for active service did not come to them, from these counties of Gaspé and Bonaventure. have gone forth to the World's War companies of brave and splendid youth, who willingly offered themselves in "Freedom's Cause": in many instances unto the death. These heroes of the war are the worthy descendants of the brave pioneers of Gaspésia.

List of Privates *of the earliest company of militia in New Carlisle and Paspebiac from* 1857 *to* 1860.

Captain Henry Caldwell.

John Main, John Main Jr., Wm. Rosesier, Andrew Caldwell, Robert Gilker, Charles St. Croix, James St. Croix, George Kelly, David Craig, Robert Craig, John Craig, John R. Hamilton Jr., Andrew T. Caldwell, Matthew Caldwell, Alexander Sherar, George B. Sherar, Charles Caldwell, James Caldwell, William Caldwell,Henry Smollett, James Milne, Daniel Chisholm, John Hall, Alfred Hall, William Sherar, Wallace Sherar, Bruce Sherar, Jesse Caldwell, William Cooke, George Cook, Samuel Chatterton, Hugh Christie, Sylvester Ray, Joseph LeBel, Stephen Scott, William Scott, John Enright, Edward Enright, Henry Enright, Francis Michael, Edward McRae, William Enright,

John Vicq, Johnston Munro, William Munro, Albert Munro, James R. Gilker, Joseph Vicq, John LeMarquand, John LeMesurier, John Hocquard, John Hocquard, Philip Hocquard, John Gallie, Philip Gallie, James Scott, James Scott, John Scott, John Scott, Elias de la Parrelle, Philip Duval, William Scott, Romeus Blais, Maxim Joseph, Romaine Joseph, Andre Joseph, David Joseph, David Joseph, Ambroise Joseph, Napoleon Joseph, Benjamin Joseph, James Holmes, Philip LeGalais, Francis LeGallais, Edmund LeGallais, Thomas Whittom, William Whittom, George Whittom, James Whittom, Richard Whittom, Peter Duguay, Edward Duguay, Alexis Duguay, Zepherin Grenier, John Grenier, Edward Huard, Romain Huard, Abel Huard, Laurent Loisel, John Bean, David Joseph, Dominique Loisel, Israel Loisel.

The following is a part, at least of the second Militia:

Charles Assels, John Assels, Thomas Assels, Robert Thompson, Henry Flowers, John Main, John Billingsley, Allan Law, Fred Smollett, Bruce Sherar,-Farrington, Charles Renouf, Douglas Sherar, Charles Dobson, John Crozier Robert McIntyre, John Flowers.

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